MAUD LINDEN'S LOVERS.

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CHAPTER XII.

A GAME OF CROQUET.

THE slumbers of Arthur Beresford were broken too soon after sunrise by Jack rushing into his room, and demanding if he was not already dressed.

"Dressed! No," replied Arthur, yawning and not in the most amiable of moods; for he had been in the midst of a delicious dream in which Maud had figured prominently.

"Do you know what the time is?" said Jack.

"About midnight, I should imagine," Arthur growled.

"Midnight! Why, it is on the stroke of six, and don't you remember our agreement to walk over to the Abbey ruins before breakfast?"

"Oh, ah! yes. How could I forget? I'll be with you, Jack, in a quarter of an hour," said Arthur with an immense show of eagerness. "Deuce take the Abbey, and its ruins too!" he ejaculated, as he sprang from his bed.

That walk to the Abbey was accomplished at a speedier rate of progression than the ramble along the Ashford Road the evening before; but though the morning was lovely, and Arthur enjoyed the fresh-smelling air as it was wafted from the meadows and hayfields, though he loved to hear the singing of the birds, and to look at the windmills revovling merrily in the morning breeze,—I question whether this walk was so pleasant to Arthur Beresford as the other one. He strode along at a great pace, his hands in his pockets, full of thought. I fear Jack must have found him a rather dull companion.

"You don't seem quite yourself this morning, Beresford," the lad said at length, breathless with walking and his monologue.

"Not myself! What do you mean?"

"Well, you seem so silent; and I believe, old fellow, that you havn't been listening to, or have heard a word that I have said to you for the last ten minutes."

"Oh, yes, I have, Jack," replied his friend, waking up and drawing his hand across his brow. "You were saying, let me see, you were telling me how Will Thingamy—I forget his name—thrashed that other fellow, the bully, for cheating a little boy at hopscotch."

"There now, Beresford!" exclaimed Jack, exultingly, "I told you that half an hour ago. I was telling you," etc. etc.

But the precise details of Jack's communication would probably be as uninteresting to the reader as it was to Arthur himself, so need not be recapitulated *in extenso* here.

Arthur made an effort, however, to be more attentive to his comrade, who for his part seemed to enjoy this little excursion hugely; stopping here, to pick up a stone to see if he could throw it as far as yonder milestone, lingering there, to cut with his four-bladed knife a stick from the hedgerow, and the whittling of which afforded him afterwards especial gratification.

Arthur fell silent again, and lost in thought. He was thinking of Maud's pale face last night, when reference to Sir Jasper Estcourt was made. Ah! if he had dared to utter what was in his mind. If *he* had been Sir Jasper would that face have been so pale? Dear Maud! sweet, guileless sufferer, destined to marry a horrible old roué, spendthrift baronet, whom she had never seen since womanhood was hers! What a soft voice she had! What a gentle, trusting manner! Heavens! with all its pain, what a blissful ramble was that last night, when she lingered by his side!

"I say, Beresford!" cried Jack, at this juncture running up to his friend, having stopped a moment "to shy" a stone at an unfortunate dog; "isn't this a jolly walk we're having to-day? I hate walking out with girls, don't you? They're such creeping, crawling things, you know. I like Bella very well, but she teases a fellow about his stockings so. My sister Maud—oh Lord! I hate to walk with her! If they want us to go this evening, Beresford, I vote we give 'em the slip?"

Whatever reply Mr. Beresford may have thought proper to make to this suggestion, it may be affirmed as certain that he had no intention or acting upon the advice. As it happened, however, the party did not walk out that evening, but played at croquet on the lawn at the back of the cottage, from soon after tea-time till long past dusk, and when the round moon had risen high and the myriad stars were twinkling in the heavens, the "click" of the croquet-balls might still be heard, and the elongated shadows of the players, as they flitted in the moonlight, might still be seen.

Maud and Arthur were partners against Bella and Jack. Into the intricacies of this croquet-match we by no means intend to

enter. Jack and Bella won, beating their opponents ignominously; but I am not sure that the victors enjoyed the game more than the vanquished. Jack and Bella were undoubtedly the merriest, and it was their voices and laughter that Mrs. Linden could hear as she sat at the back drawing-room window watching the young people, till through the shades of evening she could see only the outlines of their flitting forms. Then, Jack and Bella were the best players decidedly. Bella was such an adept that she rose in her partner's estimation wonderfully; and these two were on the best of terms, having their arms round each other's waists and kissing each other, I verily believe, in a manner that would have been highly improper if Jack had been a day older than fifteen, and if his indifference to the fair sex, in its quality of *being* "the fair sex," had not been known.

When Bella made a good stroke she would be encouraged by Jack, who would clap his hands and exclaim, "That's right, Bella! go it, old girl! Whack into 'em—that's the way!" And when Jack was equally successful, Bella's dark eyes would sparkle with mischief, and her pearly teeth would gleam as she cried beneath her breath, just so loud that he alone could hear it:

"Well done, little yellow stockings! Well hit!" At which the indignant Blue-coat boy would first beat the young lady till she screamed for mercy, and then would follow the kissing above described.

No wonder that the two were victorious when the vanquished side made such mistakes. Poor Maud played manfully—or, rather, let us say girlfully—batting about her ball bravely, and quietly doing her best. But what can one do against so many? Her partner, it must be owned, did not count for much. In the first place, he did not know the game, and had never played it before. Secondly, he was so painfully inattentive to the game, and attentive to her, that he not only made mistakes himself, but was the cause of mistakes on her part.

"Go it, Beresford!—what are you dreaming about?" shouts Jack Linden from the other end of the lawn; whilst Arthur is saying something—poor, lame stuff it is, too, *a propos* to nothing, as he well knows—to Maud.

"Mr. Beresford, it is your turn, I think," says Maud in a kinder tone. Then Arthur blushes—stammers, "I beg your pardon!" and forthwith knocks the ball ten yards beyond the point where it ought to stop.

When poor Maud in her embarrassment happens to go a little astray, Jack, exultant, shows her no mercy.

"Criky, there's a shot! Why, Maud, you couldn't hit a haystack!" that young gentleman cries.

"Hush, Jack! don't tease her," says Bella, as Maud, smiling, passes by. "Don't you know Maud is in love? How can she play when she is thinking of something else. Never mind, Maud dear, Sir Jasper will be here on Thursday, and then things will be nice!"

Which was rather malicious on Bella's part, as she was quite aware that Maud did not grieve because the baronet was absent.

Maud answered nothing to this badinage, but smiled rather sadly as she pushed back her hair from her forehead, and passed away. If there had been any truth in the imputation be sure her clear skin would have shown a brighter tint even in the moonlight, and she would have told her tormentor not to make remarks that were so obviously absurd.

It was getting so late that Mrs. Linden came into the garden to summon the young people indoors, telling Maud that her father, who, being better, had been downstairs that day, had been fidgetting for the last half-hour, and now insisted that she should stop out no longer in the night air.

What little Arthur had seen of the old gentleman impressed him favourably; but as he was Maud's papa that impression is not to be wondered at. He was a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman, who doted upon his daughter Maud. He was many years older than his sister—the lady who had married Dr. Lee, about whom and the doctor he had a good many questions to ask. But the old gentleman was not very talkative. In his younger days he had enjoyed the reputation of being a wit, and was very popular with the ladies, having a smooth tongue which he knew how to use effectively. But as his hair grew grey, and his family sprang up men and women around him; what with the cares and struggles of his life, and the ill-health with which he was afflicted, the poor old man manifested little of the wit or conversational powers for which he was formerly distinguished.

He was very courteous to Arthur, however, and referred to the obligation he was under to that gentleman, for the service he had rendered Maud.

Maud was present when these remarks were made, and her eyes showed the embarrassed and blushing young fellow that she had no more forgotten that obligation than her father had.

Mr. Linden retired to rest early, and when he had departed the ladies enlivened the evening with some music and a few songs.

Arthur Beresford noticed with satisfaction that the songs Maud sang were those which, in those happy winter evenings, last year at Dr Lee's, he most had praised. One piece, especially, sent a strange emotion to his heart. It was the one she had played the last evening he had seen her in town, at which he had assisted

her at the piano, and during which he had made a certain little speech which he had never forgotten since. As he heard those familiar cadences now, he felt in his bosom for that little *souvenir* of the occasion, and which he had carefully treasured there ever since.

Perhaps Maud remembered that evening also, for when she rose from the rustic-stool her eyes were suffused with tears, which, however, no one but Bella perceived.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BULL.

NEXT morning an incident was to occur which, howbeit little as Beresford attached importance to it at the time, was materially associated with those mysterious events of years long passed in which the young fellow was so deeply interested.

Carrying out an arrangement that had been made the day before, Arthur Beresford and Jack Linden started early in the morning, before breakfast, for a walk to Oakhurst, Jack being almost as desirous as the other to see Captain Beresford, of whom and his adventures he heard a good deal.

The morning was again lovely, and as Beresford was, for some reason, in better spirits and less pensive than during their yesterday's ramble, the ground sped under their feet rapidly enough, while the hearts and talk of the travellers were as light as their footsteps.

"Is it far to Oakhurst, Beresford?" asked Jack.

"About ten miles, I fancy; I suppose you can manage that."

"Oh! ten miles is nothing," answered the Blue-coat boy scornfully.

"We shall have to come back again, you know, and that makes twenty miles. We mustn't knock ourselves up, you know," returned Beresford, patting the lad kindly on the back.

Indeed, Mr. Beresford was disposed to be very affectionate to Jack Linden; Jack's eye, he thought, had something of the same gentle softness as Maud's. He was greatly interested in the whole Linden family—in fact, from invalid papa down to the retriever, Gip, who was permitted to accompany them this morning. Look you, a young gentleman is not permitted by the conventionalities of society to relieve his heart by patting a young lady on the back; but there is no reason why he should be denied the pleasure of patting affectionately the back of the young lady's brother, if he has a mind to do so.

"Has the Captain ever been in a battle, Beresford?" said Jack, whose proclivities were now decidedly warlike.

"Not in a battle, certainly, Jack," Arthur was bound to confess. "You see, the Captain has never been in the Royal Navy, and his command has been of a merchant ship."

"But he must have had wonderful adventures and seen strange sights; you've told me that he has seen the sea-serpent and a mermaid."

"I have told you, Jack," says Arthur dryly, "that the Captain *says* that he has seen the sea-serpent and a mermaid; at least, I believe he has not actually seen the mermaid, but only heard her sing."

"Isn't it wonderful?" says Jack, admiringly.

"Very wonderful," answers his friend.

"I say, Beresford, what I can't make out is where the mermaids get their looking-glasses from."

"They get them somehow, I suppose; they are not such queer fish as to differ from their sex so completely as to be indifferent about the parting of their back hair."

"You must get the Captain to tell us some of his adventures, old fellow, will you?"

"Oh! he'll spin you a yarn, no doubt."

They had been walking some seven miles, and had consequently another three miles to travel ere they reached Oakhurst; and, notwithstanding his boasting when they started, Jack began to feel rather tired and hungry. Arthur Beresford also began to feel the effects of the walk, having fallen out of practice in his pedestrianism since his sojourn in London.

"Have we got much further to go, Beresford?" demanded the lad haughtily, as though *he* didn't care if it were another twenty miles or so."

"It will take us another three-quarters of an hour, I expect,' returned his companion, glancing round at the landmarks, which to him were familiar enough.

"Oh!" said Jack, with a touch of discontent in his tone. "Here, Gip, Gip! botheration take the dog! I wish we hadn't brought him."

Possibly Jack was a little envious of the boyant and frolicsome way in which Gip was prancing about, first behind them, then rushing fifty yards ahead and waiting for the laggards to approach; when away he dashed again, barking joyously amidst a cloud of dust, and altogether seeming fresher than when they first started from home.

"Do you feel tired, Jack?" Mr. Beresford asked.

"No—that is, not very—rather," answered Jack reluctantly.

Whereupon the other confesses he would be glad of a brief halt; and that just down a certain lane near which they are coming

is a quiet little inn, where he proposes they should rest themselves awhile, and obtain some refreshment ere proceeding on their journey. To this proposal the other very eagerly assented.

'Twas but a little out of their way, and very thankful were our wayfarers to enter the snug parlour of the inn which they soon found, and to rest themselves on the seat of its quaint little bay-window, which looked over the meadows of a farm-house the red brick chimnies of which peeped between the trees in the distance.

Seated at the further end of the room with a tankard of ale before him, was a man shabbily dressed, and having somewhat the appearance of a foreigner. His figure was spare and rather thin, though he was evidently muscular, and had the look of being accustomed to hard work. His complexion was dusky and his eyes were bright and dark. When Beresford first observed this personage, he conjectured he was a foreign sailor, or the master of a ship, perhaps. Certainly, he did not appear to be a gentleman, for he wore a rough pilot jacket, and a red handkerchief twisted carelessly round his neck. Nevertheless, when he spoke to the landlord, his manner and style of speaking were not those exactly of a common uneducated man. He was asking the landlord to direct him to Oakhurst, and if he was far from there; remarking that he was a stranger in these parts now, that he had been away from England for many years, and so forth, speaking in a frank, pleasant way, that so far won upon our hero that he was half inclined to volunteer his company and that of Jack for the remainder of the short journey to Oakhurst. He refrained, however, from making this offer, and the stranger having received directions from the landlord, put down a coin for his refreshment, threw a small bundle in a red-spotted handkerchief across his shoulder, and wishing the landlord and our two friends a courteous good-day, left the house, and proceeded on his way; not, however, till he had given Gip a friendly pat on the head as a parting salute, which liberty Gip received in perfect good part, wagging his tail appreciatively, and barking a loud and sharp adieu.

"Gip and the stranger seems to understand each other well," the young man remarked, as he raised his foaming tankard of ale to his lips, and quaffed a luscious draft.

"Oh, Gip would make friends with anybody, I think," returned Jack. "We must mind we don't lose him. He is a special favourite of Maud's, and if anything happened to him, Maud wouldn't let us off very easily, I promise you."

At which Beresford was very anxious as to the safety of the dog, insisting that the sagacious animal should be regaled with a special biscuit and should eat it under his own chair.

Our travellers remained ten minutes or a quarter of an hour refreshing and resting themselves; watching the farm labourers at work in yonder field, and the lazy team of horses reluctantly respond to the carter's whip, as they wondered, possibly, why they should be compelled to exert themselves so dreadfully on such a hot summer's day.

Having settled their score with the landlord, and sufficiently recruited their strength, they also left the inn and proceeded on their way, thinking no more of the stranger who had preceded them.

They had not proceeded far, however, not having yet reached the high road from which they had deviated, when Jack heard someone shouting apparently for help from a short distance ahead, and he drew his companion's attention to the sounds.

Hastening their footsteps in the direction whence the cries seemed to come, the cause of the commotion was speedily discovered. A large and angry bull was snorting and bellowing at some object by the roadside, which apparently enraged his bovine lordship, who was not only snorting and bellowing, but lashing his tail, throwing up his horns and otherwise manifesting his intention to toss, butt, and destroy the object of his detestation. This object, to the surprise of our two friends, proved to be no other than the stranger who had just quitted the inn before them; and whose red handkerchief round his neck, and the parcel which he carried, had doubtless attracted the attention and anger of the animal, which had strayed into the road from a neighbouring pasture. The man was dodging round a tree, which happened fortunately to afford him some protection from the onslaught, and while shouting for aid, endeavoured ineffectually to drive the bull from him with the walking-stick over which his parcel had been slung.

Gip was soon in the midst of the fray, and what with his furious barking and the belabouring of the sticks which Beresford and Jack carried, the belligerent bull was quickly vanquished and driven into the field from which he had strayed.

The stranger courteously thanked his deliverers for their timely assistance.

"It was the colour of your handkerchief which attracted the attention of the animal, no doubt," Beresford said.

"Most likely, young gentlemen, that was the cause of his attacking me," returned the other, glancing with a smile at his small bundle. "But as this happens to be all my worldly wealth and property at the present moment, I could not afford to appease the wrath of my enemy by throwing it over the hedge."

"All's well that ends well, however," said Arthur; "and as I believe we are all going in the same direction—that is, to Oakhurst—we may as well keep each other company."

Their new acquaintance thankfully availed himself of this proposition, repeating the statement that he was a stranger in that part of the country.

"I have been away from England a good many years, and though, when I left it I thought I should never care to set foot on its soil again, I am pleased to see the Kentish hills once more."

"You know Kent, then?"

"Quite well—at least," added the stranger with a sigh, "I knew it once—long, long years ago."

"Do you know," said Jack, joining the conversation, "when I saw you in the inn yonder I took you to be a foreigner—a Frenchman or an Italian, I thought."

The stranger laughed, and with a good-humoured familiarity which somewhat offended the Blue-coat boy, patted that young gentleman kindly on the head.

"No, my boy," he said; "I am as much an Englishman as you are, though my skin is browned by the southern sun, and I dare say I look like a gipsy, with my dusky complexion and tramp's clothes. But I have only just landed in England, having led the life of a wild man in the bush and the prairies of South America and Australia, for nearly, if not quite, four-and-twenty years."

Four-and-twenty-years! As Arthur Beresford contemplated the period of time, his mind reverted to those strange incidents, near Dover, just four-and-twenty years ago, as recounted by Dr. Lee, in which he, as an unconscious babe, had been a participator, and most probably the victim, of some secret and mysterious crime.

He did not, then, however, for he could not imagine that those strange adventures were in any way involved or connected with the life of the stranger who was then walking by his side.

He was awakened from his reverie by that stranger's voice.

"If, sir, you are acquainted with Oakhurst," he said, "possibly you may know the residence of the old gentleman, to whose house I am anxious to find my way."

"If he lives in Oakhurst, most probably I do. What is his name?"

"His name is Beresford—Captain Beresford. He lived in Oakhurst when I heard from him last. But that is a long time ago, also. I sincerely hope the good old gentleman still lives and is in health."

"Of that I can satisfy you," Arthur Beresford exclaimed; "for I am the dear old Captain's nephew, and we are bound for the same house."

At this the stranger seemed equally moved and delighted.

Seizing the young man by the hand, he said in a tone of deep

earnestness: "If you, sir, are a relative of Captain Beresford's, I am pleased to know you; and the debt of gratitude I owe to you and this young gentleman, for your help to me in my unpleasant predicament just now, is increased; for many long years ago Captain Beresford saved my life. This, as you will understand, is the reason why I have looked upon it as my duty to pay to him my first respects upon my return to my native land."

"Do you mean, sir," inquired Jack, respectfully, "that Captain Beresford saved your life in a battle, or how?"

Arthur Beresford laughed.

"My friend, Jack," said he, "cannot quite divest himself of the idea that the Captain has been in the Navy, and has fought battles, slung up pirates and privateers to the masthead, and thrashed the Frenchmen."

"The Captain himself, I fancy, has the same idea," returned the stranger, drily; "and, as he lost his arm in rescuing me, I, for my part, am quite willing to consider the good old fellow a second Nelson."

"How did he lose his arm?" said Jack, anxiously.

"Then your name, in that case," said Arthur, "must be Clements. I have often heard the Captain tell the story of his accident."

"Clements—John Clements—will do," returned the other carelessly. Then turning to Jack, "No, my lad; it was in no battle that Captain Beresford saved my life, except the battle of the raging sea. I was wrecked off the coast of France, and was a day and a night alone on a fragile raft, out of sight of land and without food. I was faint and despairing, and, I suppose, I should not have been able to hold out much longer; in an hour or so, I dare say, I should have been washed away, when—luckily or unluckily, I hardly know, mate, which to call it now—the Captain's ship hove in sight, and saw my signals of distress. A boat put out to save me, with the Captain; he was only the second officer then, at the helm. My hope of life rose high as I saw the brave crew approach, and heard their cheers of encouragement; but, at the last moment, the prow of the boat happened to strike against my fragile raft, and I was so weakened and helpless that I slipt over into the foaming waves. I held desparately to the raft for a moment with all my remaining strength, but was compelled to relax my grasp. Not, however, till Beresford had leapt from the boat into the water, and caught me in his arms. It was while battling with the waves that a sharp piece of the raft was dashed against my gallant preserver's arm, and so injured it that, though my life and his were spared, the arm afterwards had to be amputated. Therefore, gentlemen," said the speaker in conclusion, "you can understand why I love the Captain and am friendly to all related to him."

"What a jolly tale, to be sure!" cried Jack in ecstasies.

"Not very jolly for the Captain, I'm afraid, my lad," grimly answered Clements, for so we may in future call him.

"I don't mean that you know," pleaded Jack, apologetically.

"Jack is romantic; and I have been promising him that the Captain would give him a yarn, in which you have forstalled him," said Arthur Beresford, smiling.

"I know what the lad means, and I'm fond of boys," answered Clements, again patting Jack on the head. "We must get the Captain to tell us the yarn in his own way; he'll give it to you far better than I have done."

By this time, however, the party had arrived at the village of Oakhurst, whence they were not long in reaching the trim cottage and garden in which Captain Beresford resided.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE SUMMER CLOUD."

CAPTAIN BERESFORD was most likely in his cabin, so Arthur said, as the party entered the garden gate.

Beside the cottage, and screened from the view of travellers in the road by a cluster of lilac and laburnum trees, was a kind of arbour, or, rather, summer-house. It was an oblong wooden structure that looked between a Noah's Ark and a gipsy's caravan. But it was painted black, with a white line stretching horizontally along its middle, in which three or four loop-holes were placed; thus indicating that its designer's intention was to give the structure the appearance of a ship. A large mast, fully rigged—but surmounted with a weathercock—was reared from the centre of the edifice, and added to the navel aspect; while painted in white letters at one end was the name of the vessel the Captain had formerly commanded, "The Summer Cloud."

The individual who had introduced himself to our hero by the name of Clements laughed heartily when this incongruous structure came into sight.

"That is the Captain's cabin, as he calls it," Arthur Beresford explained. "When he sits there he tries to believe that he is again at sea. This fine summer morning be sure he is aboard. Stay; let us hail him before we get too near."

"It doesn't do to walk to the Captain's ship across the waves, I suppose," suggested Clements with a quiet smile.

Arthur laughed also, and, putting his hands like a speaking-trumpet to his mouth, shouted: "Summer Cloud, ahoy!" in a stentorian voice, as though that vessel were a quarter of a mile distant instead of some thirty yards.

In answer to this summons the Captain, arrayed in his blue swallow-tail coat with the brass buttons, and having a huge telescope under his right arm, came to the door and surveyed his visitors with a hasty glance; then, shouting a deep "Ahoy!" rushed back into the cabin again and disappeared. In the course of a few moments poor Jack Linden was nearly frightened into fits by the loud report of a cannon, which the Captain had fired from one of the loop-holes of "The Summer Cloud" as a welcome-salute. Ere the smoke of this discharge had cleared away, the old man, with a face red with excitement and grinning with delight, was shaking his foster-son wildly by the hand.

"Zounds, lad! I'm glad to see ye, though you might have scratched a line to say you'd come. I've been on the watch, my boy, though I didn't expect to see you yet; but the gun's been loaded, and waiting for the spark."

Here the Captain's eye fell on Arthur's two companions.

"Gentlemen," he said heartily, "if you are my lad's friends you're welcome too, and I hope you're both quite well."

Arthur proceeded to introduce Jack, whom the Captain at once seized by the hand.

"Zooks, my lad! I have heard of you," he cried; "or, least, I've heard of your sister, or your mother, or whoever the party were that Arthur saved from the runaway horse; and, egad! proud was I to hear that he had done so; I'm pleased to see you, young gentleman. Lor', it's astonishing how you like people when you've been able to do 'em a good turn. Horses! why, mate, *I* couldn't stop a runaway horse if you was to kill me; ships and animals of that sort Tom Beresford fears not."

"That I can answer for, Captain, better than any man," said Clements, now coming forward and holding out his hand.

The Captain stared at him a moment, opened his mouth and shut it again, and drew his hand athwart his brow.

"Why, mate," he said, "and who the d——l are you?"

"An old friend, Captain Beresford, that, I think, you will be pleased to see again after the lapse of many years; but not so pleased as I am to encounter you."

"Well, mate, if you're an old friend you're welcome, anyhow; and there's something about the voice which—why, d——e! is it——"

"The man that you rescued from a watery grave."

"Clements!"

"Aye, Captain—no other than he."

The old gentleman could not at first quite comprehend it all. Clements! If he were Clements, how did he come rowing in the same boat as Arthur! Were they mixed up in any way? It

was Arthur, surely there could be no doubt about that, though who the dickens was the youngster, in the queer gown like a girl and yellow legs like a parrot, or some 'strange birds that the captain had shot in the tropics once? Were they playing a trick upon a poor old sailor, or was he getting queer in the head?

Soon, however, matters became clear to the mind of the eccentric but honest-hearted sailor, and then he was so happy and overjoyed at seeing everybody, that he was almost beside himself with excitement.

He shouted to Jack Bowling to bring the grog, and then called him back to the company, because Jack Bowling knew Clements, too, and had actually rowed in the boat which put off to preserve that person's life. Of course, Jack Bowling must not be forgotten in such a moment as this!

"Jack Bowling, along with me, was having a game of all-fours, in the cabin, gentleman, when you hailed us; wern't us, Jack?"

"Yes, cap'n," replied Jack, bobbing as gracefully as his wooden leg would permit.

"We often play at all-fours, Jack and I. You see, we get lonely like, now that young rogue, Arthur, has cut the old ship—don't us, Jack?"

"Yes, cap'n," replied Jack, his face turned to his superior officer, but cocking his eye with a sort of patronising leer towards the young man. "Not but what, as I've said often, Capt'n, its not for the likes of two old salts like you and me to stand in the light of the youngster; if so be as how he can get better promotion in another craft."

"Right you are, Jack! right you are! But, shiver my timbers, Jack, why don't you get the pipes and grog; be off with you—Jack, there's no more cards to-day, man."

"Aye, aye, Capt'n! I'll bring the tackle into the cabin for the gentlemen, I 'spose?"

The Captain growled a reply, expressing a wish that Jack's eyes were along with his leg, somewhere else; and the old sailor, pulling his fore-lock, and with another "Aye, aye," stamped away to the house as quickly as he could.

Whereupon Captain Beresford invited his guests on board the "Summer Cloud" till refreshment should arrive, the interior of which vessel, with its arrangements, being duly explained and admired, the commander running a flag up to the mast-head, to show that Admiral Arthur was on board.

"It's a queer sort of a craft, gentlemen, I dare say you think; but it suits Jack Bowling and me, and makes us re-

conciled to a quiet, country life. It's our fancy, you know. Lord! if you can't get the real thing in this life, you may ease yourself wonderful if you only try to make believe!"

"Many a time have I made believe," said Arthur, laughing. "When I was a boy it is a wonder I didn't run off to sea, like the Captain did, for I've often tried to fancy that this "Summer Cloud" was really rolling on the ocean, and that yonder waving lilac-trees were the surging waves. These things are easier for children, I suppose."

"I don't know that, lad," said the Captain, placidly lighting his pipe.

"You see, Mr. Beresford, that the Captain finds it's easy enough," said Clements, with an amused smile. "Yet he is not a child, except in innocence of heart."

"Right you are, mate, though I don't know much about being innocent; you must ask Jack Bowling about that," the old gentleman answered, throwing back his head, and composedly puffing his long clay. "But, leastways, I can tell you that I often like to sit in this here place, and half-shutting my eyes, try to think I'm again on the sea, on the deck of the dear old "Summer Cloud."

There was a lull in the talk for a space during which each person was chewing the cud of his own fancies, Jack Linden thinking what a fine thing it would be for the Blue-coat boys if the cabin, with its flagstaff, could only be removed to the play-ground in Newgate Street.

"It wasn't the "Summer Cloud," Mr. Beresford, that I and you have reason to remember best," said Clements, presently, and pointing to the Captain's empty sleeve.

"Guess it was the 'Sprite' you mean, mate, when Jack Bowling and I pulled you out of the water, eh? So you've been roughing it in Australia, since I last saw you in Van Diemen's Land?"

"Yes; eight years in Australia for the second time, making twenty-four years from England, Captain, trying to forget the first twenty-four years of my life," replied Clements, heaving a sigh.

"Well, well, mate, we all have the ups and the downs. I remember you told me you had met with troubles, like the rest of us. No one can expect to sail with fair weather always; and if so be, mate, that the skies have cleared a-bit for you at last, so that you're able to come to anchor in your native waters, so to say, when your hulk is getting shaky with years—why zooks, I don't see that you've got so much call to complain."

"With all deference, captain, I protest against insinuations

that my hulk is any less sound than when you were brave enough to save it from sinking," replied Clements, smiling. "The truth is that, when nearly a quarter-of-a-century ago I shook the soil of old England from my feet, I had a sore and a heavy heart. I hated my country and my fellow-man. I am not the first fellow who has thought, by immersing himself in a wild and savage life, to forget civilisation. Time has healed old wounds, somehow, and for the last year or two, the wish has come over me to behold once more the scenes familiar to my youth."

"Quite right, too, mate."

"Not that there is anybody alive that will be glad to see me, I believe," continued Clements. "Quite the reverse, I expect."

"Tom Beresford is glad to see you, mate, anyhow," said that gentleman, thumping the table fiercely.

"And I for my part, Mr. Clements, always say as the Captain does," added Arthur, upon whom the manner of the other had made an impression.

"I have already, Mr. Arthur, received good offices from you and your young friend, by your protection from that rampagious bull."

"Ah! there is Jack, also," added Arthur, "who will be glad to welcome you as much as anybody, if you will only relate to him some of your adventures in foreign lands. At least, he would be if he were awake."

But the fact was that master Jack Linden had been so little entertained by the conversation of his elders, that he had actually gone off fast asleep.

"You will make this your home, mate, as long as you want one, anyhow," the hospitable Captain said. "I guess you'll stay in England, now you've come."

"That, sir, I hardly know," Clements replied. "I may remain, or I may soon return, an alien, whence I came. I have been absent so long a time that I almost doubt whether I have acted rightly in coming here at all. I shall not accept your hospitality just now, as this evening I must leave you for a time. I go to see some people who knew me once, who likely will not be well pleased to see me face to face. That is, I go to seek them if they are still alive. Upon my relations with them much depends where, in fact, I may decide to end my days."

"But you won't go abroad again, mate, without coming to wish your comrade good-bye?"

"Heaven forbid! Upon this, Captain, you may depend. I will see you again, if I am a living man, within three days time, and then, may be, I shall be able to relate to you—what has never been breathed to human soul—*the story and the secret of my life.*"

The stranger was evidently deeply moved, and as he spoke the latter words he rose from his seat and walked to the cabin door, as though with the double purpose of suppressing his emotion, and indicating his wish that the conversation might now be changed.

At this juncture Jack Bowling appeared to announce that dinner was ready to be served. So, Master Linden having been roused from his slumbers, the party adjourned indoors.

Of the feast which the old sailor had prepared we need not speak, except to say that ample justice was done to it, and Jack Linden was kept wide awake with astonishment and delight, by the wondrous yarns with which both Clements and the Captain regaled him. Clements had been on the prairies and in the bush, to gold mines and diamond fields—not for the money to be gained so much as for the wild adventures with which such a life abounded. He had shot crocodiles, and had hunted the gorilla and the lion. He had run the blockade during the American war, and had once nearly ended his career by being hanged. As for the Captain, he told also what he had seen. There was the sea-serpent that reared its awful head half-mast high, and gnashed its hideous jaws full in the Captain's view, and looking him defiantly in the face. There was the mermaid in the Adriatic Sea, which the Captain would not swear he had actually seen, but whose music, stealing over the ocean, he had most distinctly heard.

When these amazing tales were told, and the day was far advanced, Arthur Beresford and Jack arose to take their leave; Clements rising also, and declaring that the time had come when he must leave the Captain too.

At the gate these three separated—the Captain, from the garden, waving his last adieu.

"I hope, Mr. Arthur," said Clements, "that we shall soon meet again. We will not say good-bye, but *au revoir*."

"Do you journey far to-night?"

"But a few miles—to a place between Dover and Deal."

"St. Peter's, do you mean?" asked Arthur, somehow with a palpitating heart.

"Near there," answered Clements, in a careless tone. "Brooklands is the name of the place."

"Brooklands!" repeated Arthur Beresford. "I have heard that name before! Does not Sir Jasper Estcourt——"

"That," interposed Clements, with a strange, grim smile, "is the present possessor's name."

CHAPTER XV.

A PAIR OF GREEN SPECTACLES.

DURING the absence of Arthur and Jack, Mrs. Linden had received visitors; so our hero was informed by Bella Baxter, upon his return, in the evening, to the cottage.

In the first place, Sir Jasper Escourt was now in the drawing-room, at which fact, as Bella good-naturedly apprised him, Miss Maud Linden was by no means delighted.

"And I do not wonder at it either," added the young lady, who doubtless more truly divined the nature of the sentiments existing in the hearts of Maud and Arthur towards each other than they did themselves.

"Why so?" Mr. Beresford eagerly asked.

Bella shrugged her pretty white shoulders, and made a grimace.

"I should *hate* him, if I were Maud," she declared, with indignant energy. "A baronet!—I wouldn't marry him if he were a duke! Why, he is old enough to be the poor girl's father, and he wears green spectacles!—*green* spectacles, sir, think of that!"

"An ugly old brute!" ejaculated Arthur, enjoying this abuse of his fortunate rival, and ready to admit that, next to Maud, Bella was the most charming girl in the world.

"Well, he's not so very ugly, and some people, perhaps, would not consider him so very old," Bella was constrained to admit.

"Not so ugly nor so old but that his title will make a girl forget the green spectacles, I daresay. Consider the temptation, Miss Bella, of being called my Lady Estcourt! How charming it must be for a young lady to become a person of rank, even at the sacrifice of marrying a grotesque, blind-eyed, old fool!"

"It is not such a temptation to Maud," answered Bella, tossing her head; "and if *I* was a young man, and liked her, I wouldn't let that fellow stand in my way—I know that."

"Do you think, then, that Maud—I mean, Miss Linden,—actually dislikes this man?"

"I am certain of it."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"Because, Mr. Beresford, half an hour ago I found her in her bed-room, sobbing as if her heart would break. She said she had the headache; but I don't shed tears like that when I have the headache,—do you?"

Arthur confessed that he was not usually affected that way.

It will be perceived by the intelligent reader, that Bella Baxter was a romantic young lady, who considered that honest

love was better than rank or wealth; and being sure that Arthur was in love with Maud, and more than suspecting that the tender sentiment was returned, set herself to be a match-maker, as young ladies, as well as good-natured old ones, delight to do.

"Who are the other visitors, Miss Bella, who have been here?" Arthur Beresford asked, after a pause. A strange tumult was in his breast—a struggle of emotions which the words of the young girl had evoked—a struggle which he did not care to reveal even to one who would sympathise with him.

The other visitors were her sister Emily, who had been invited to their little pic-nic to-morrow, and Dr. Lee, who had brought her down, and who had come semi-professionally to see Mr. Linden. The doctor had only been there an hour or two, and had then returned to town; Emily had, of course, remained, and was, no doubt, in the drawing-room with Sir Jasper and the rest.

Arthur observed that he would have been glad to see the doctor, and Bella answered that Dr. Lee had expressly asked for him, seeming annoyed that he was absent. He had been compelled, however, to take his departure, only about an hour ago, in order to catch the London train."

At this juncture Emily Baxter entered the room, and confirmed the statement of his sister.

"I have never seen the doctor so put out, when he found that he would be compelled to go without seeing you," Bella said.

"Do you mean that he seemed angry?" Arthur asked.

"No, not exactly angry, but nervous and excited. Bella and I both noticed it, and fancied that something had occurred to upset him, or that he had heard some news that he wished to communicate to you."

"The strangest part of the affair," added Bella, "is that he appeared as pleasant and easy as usual, quite like himself, in fact, when he first arrived. He saw Mrs. Linden and had a chat with her, and then he went upstairs and remained about an hour with Mr. Linden. When he came down and joined us in the drawing-room he was as pale as death, but his eye was bright with excitement.

"Something must have occurred between him and Mr. Linden,—that is obvious," Beresford remarked. "Though how that bears upon the fact of his being so desirous to see me I fail to perceive."

"He was so, however," Emily replied. "I know Dr. Lee's manner quite well, and I am certain that the gaiety with which he talked to Mrs. Linden and us girls was an assumption on his part to disguise——"

"And do you remember, dear," interposed Bella, eagerly, "how he asked about Sir Jasper Estcourt—how he questioned us all as to his appearance?"

"Yes, dear!" exclaimed Bella, breathlessly; for, to tell the truth, both the young ladies were devoured by curiosity, and had been discussing all these matters between themselves long before Mr. Beresford had returned—"Yes, dear; and what struck me so much was the manner of Sir Jasper himself when Maud mentioned that Dr. Lee was upstairs."

"But I thought Dr. Lee was in the drawing-room with you," objected the young man, whose mind was becoming confused and perplexed.

"So he was," cried both the young ladies in the same breath, "but that was before Dr. Lee came downstairs, you know."

"Sir Jasper had arrived early in the afternoon," Emily explained, "and the baronet was trying to make himself agreeable to the ladies, and especially to Maud, when Dr. Lee arrived. The doctor had spent his half-hour with Mr. Linden, as already stated, and had then gone upstairs. Mr. Linden then entering the drawing-room, had stated that Dr. Lee was in the house. "Is that Dr. Lee of Welbeck Street?" Sir Jasper had asked, seemingly interested. When informed that he was the same, the baronet was utterly discomfited. He was not acquainted with the doctor, he said, but knew the celebrated Dr. Lee by reputation, of course. Then he got up from his chair, and walked to the window and back again; fidgetted with his watch; and presently declared, in a tone of vexation, that he had just discovered he had left his spectacles at home.

"Do you wear spectacles, Sir Jasper?" Maud Linden had asked. Wear spectacles? The poor baronet declared that his sight was so bad, that without his spectacles he could scarcely see across the room, which statement surprised them all, for no one had remarked the defective sight of Sir Jasper in the least. That gentleman was, however, so distressed by the loss of his glasses, that he declared he must be off then and there to the nearest town or optician's shop to buy a pair. He was so grieved to quit his friends, even for the briefest time; but if he remained without his spectacles in his pockets, he would be so nervous and fidgetty that he would not get a wink of sleep that night. So he hastily left the room, with many apologies, and getting his hat from the hall, had then gone to the inn in the village where his horse was stabled, had ordered the animal to be saddled, and afterwards rode all the way to Rochester to buy a pair of the largest and ugliest green spectacles that she (Emily) had ever seen.

"How long has he been back?" Arthur Beresford asked.

"Within the last half-hour. Dr. Lee had not long departed."

"Then, Sir Jasper did not see the doctor, after all?"

"No," answered Bella, "because the doctor could not stop, or he would have lost his train. She went on to explain that when Dr. Lee had entered the drawing-room, after his interview with Mr. Linden upstairs, he was astonished to find the baronet had gone. He asked when he would return; where he had gone; and what he was like? He expressed a great wish to see the future husband of his niece, Maud, and was especially mortified that he could not wait till Sir Jasper returned. He inquired, in a careless sort of way, if Sir Jasper had been informed that he, Dr. Lee, was in the house; and when the conversation with the baronet was related to him—how Sir Jasper had declared that, of course, he knew the celebrated Dr. Lee by reputation, but that he did not know him personally in the least—the doctor seemed amused, and laughed aloud; and when he was informed about Sir Jasper's spectacles, and the sudden way in which he had quitted the house, the doctor laughed louder than before.

"Yet it was all pretended gaiety; of that I am quite sure," Emily Baxter declared.

"I believe that Sir Jasper wanted to get out of the house, so that he and Dr. Lee should not meet," said Bella.

"So do I, in fact," her sister added in a tone of awe.

"Yet why should it be so?" suggested Arthur, who was, nevertheless, inclined to take this view himself. "It would seem that not only did Dr. Lee suddenly inspire some mysterious alarm into the heart of Sir Jasper, but Dr. Lee with equal suddenness has become the other's enemy. Now, to my certain knowledge, Sir Jasper's name has frequently been mentioned to Dr. Lee—I have spoken to the Doctor about him myself, yet I have never observed anything strange in his demeanour when we have so conversed. Of course, Dr. Lee has always expressed himself anxious as to the welfare of his niece, and that her marriage with a man so much older than herself may prove not only a prosperous, but a happy one. But in no way has he stated to me, though, perhaps, it is unlikely that he should do so, that he has any personal objection to Sir Jasper Estcourt or the projected match.

"Well, however that may be," said Bella, scornfully elevating her pretty little nose, "I cannot imagine that Sir Jasper has added to his fascinations by his reappearance in those ridiculous green spectacles. He wouldn't have increased his chances of gaining my heart if I were Maud, I know. Fancy a man making a declaration of love to you in green spectacles, and to have the consciousness that while he is calling you an angel of light, you must appear in his optics the colour of a tree!"

"You absurd creature!" cried her sister, laughing. "You know Sir Jasper took off his glasses, almost as soon as he entered the the room, and that he has not put them on again since.

"I should not imagine Sir Jasper Eastcourt would so far outrage propriety, or be so indiscreet as to endanger his prospects, by making himself so ridiculous, Miss Bella, as you suggest," Mr. Beresford haughtily observed.

"A lover in green spectacles! Why, Emily, you must confess he would look like a railway signal-post, when the lantern gives warning of caution, you know."

"Perhaps an excellent warning for Miss Linden to accept," returned Arthur Beresford with a smile. "But let us not scandalise Sir Jasper any more; the poor gentleman cannot help being blind —he is in love with his *fiancèe* naturally, and love is always blind."

"And if I were a certain young man, said the manoeuvering Bella with a significant glance, I would not be vanquished by a blind man; and if Sir Jasper should be a littlejealous, you know, why, is not jealousy a monster that is notoriously green-eyed?"

Having thus, for the time, abandoned the mystery which they could not elucidate, they repaired to the drawing-room, where our hero was formally introduced to Sir Jasper Estcourt, and had an opportunity of forming his own estimate of that gentleman's personal appearance.

Sir Jasper had divested himself of his green spectacles just then, and possibly Beresford was chagrined to find that the baronet was still what would be generally considered a handsome man. Rather tall, rather stout, a dark, swarthy complexion, eyes that were almost black, and still twinkled brightly when the somewhat heavy eyelids did not droop over them from beneath the bushy brows. His head was somewhat receding, but lofty at the centre and the back. He was becoming bald, it is true, but this, in his case, appeared to add to the dignity of his looks; and though his hair and flowing beard were sprinkled with grey, he could not have been much more than five-and-forty years of age.

His voice was deep and rich, his conversation easy and agreeable. Arthur had not been long in his society ere he was constrained to admit to himself this fact. Sir Jasper had been to many lands; had seen life in all its forms,—did not scruple to deny that he had been somewhat gay in his youth, but hinted that he had in later years, settled to a discreet and quiet country life; books, and the delights of rural scenery, were now his chief pleasures. His widowed mother was getting old, and he, like a dutiful son, spent most of his time in cheering his parent's declining years.

Sir Jasper was pleasant and chatty to everybody, and especially respectful and devoted to Maud; but not to Maud did he direct his

conversation mostly. It was to Mrs. Linden that the baronet chiefly told his anecdotes of travel and adventure; listening to her remarks with the utmost deference, and seeming anxious above all things to make himself agreeable to her. It was to Mrs. Linden that he intimated his deep regret that their families should have been as it were estranged, and so little known to each other for so many years.

"I trust, madam," said Sir Jasper, in his low, deep voice, but so that his hostess only should hear the words—"I trust, madam, that all this will have ended now, and that soon the two families will be bound to each other by a nearer and a dearer tie."

"I trust, Sir Jasper, that it may," Mrs. Linden, who was altogether well-impressed by her future son-in-law, replied.

Sir Jasper was sympathetic as to the ill-health with which Mr. Linden was afflicted. He was so sorry that gentleman was too indisposed to join the company that night. The professional fame of his good uncle, for so he trusted he might be permitted to call him, had not been unknown to him; and deeply anxious was he that he and Mr. Linden should learn to know each other well. To-morrow, perhaps, Sir Jasper would be permitted to see his uncle; to-night how charmed was he with his lovely modest cousin, and the much-prized sympathy displayed by his dear aunt.

With the young ladies Sir Jasper, possibly, did not find conversation so easy. Miss Bella Baxter was his enemy, and very likely he had a shrewd perception of the fact. He talked to her in such a soft, sweet tone; his face wore the kindest of most fatherly smiles. But Bella's heart was obdurate, and she answered Sir Jasper's little compliments with the curtest of monosyllables, or with remarks that were as sharp and caustic as she dare venture to utter.

Sir Jasper never seemed to perceive the shafts that were aimed at him, but met all the sarcastic little lady's observations with the sweetest of sweet smiles.

With Emily Baxter the middle-aged baronet was more successful. Emily had been up the Rhine; had, at least, partially ascended Mont Blanc, and could, therefore, converse with Sir Jasper about the Drachenfels, the Grand Mulets, and the Matterhorne.

To Maud Linden, his intended bride, Sir Jasper addressed his conversation, perhaps, the least. When he did venture upon an occasional observation to her, it was in his softest and richest tones. To her he did not employ the fatherly familiarity with which he patronised Bella, nor the bland courtesy and smiling demeanour with which he chatted to Emily about travel, the

drama, and the newest book. He seemed to regard Maud with respectful admiration—with the veneration almost that might be shown to a Madonna by an adoring monk. The light conversation which passed in society was not for such an ethereal being as Maud. Sometimes in his talk to others he would turn to her in appeal, as if a word from her could settle, so far as he was concerned, any disputed point; and to her slightest remark he would listen with grave courtesy and attention the most profound.

Arthur Beresford and Sir Jasper plainly did not care, however, for each other much. They were exquisitely courteous and bland to each other, no doubt; but their frigid politeness scarcely veiled their mutual distrust, not to say dislike. While Sir Jasper was fascinating mamma, Arthur was laughing and whispering to the girls, and several times the young man detected the bright little eyes of the baronet furtively watching him and them. Possibly Sir Jasper may have already observed that Maud's face became more animated, that her eyes shone with a softer light, and her lips parted in a readier smile, when Beresford was speaking to her than when she mutely listened to his own remarks. Possibly, also, Arthur Beresford may have surmised such suspicions passing through his rival's brain, and may have consequently excited himself to provoke his jealousy the more.

However this may have been, the evening glided away. The light conversation; the baronet's amusing talk, replete with shrewd and keen observation of men, women, and the world; Bella's wit and sarcastic repartees,—were over; Maud's tender songs were sung; Arthur as often as Sir Jasper attending the young lady at the piano, and watching the music as she turned the leaves. Sir Jasper sang also, and rendered a serenade with taste and pathos in a rich baritone. He read music at sight, and, strangely enough, did not have to call his green spectacles to his aid.

"Sir Jasper," said Bella, who was accompanying on the piano the baronet's song, "your eyesight cannot be so defective as you pretend, if you are able to read without your glasses such small print."

Sir Jasper Estcourt closed his eyes and smiled. He patted the young lady on the back in a fatherly way.

"You little puss!" he said; "I never pretended to be blind. I do not require spectacles to read that; but when you get my age, my dear, those pretty, bright eyes of yours will not be quite so sharp as they are now."

"If they can read print at the distance of a yard, I shall not care," Bella replied. And then Sir Jasper finished his song.

At last, however, Arthur Beresford found himself alone in his chamber for the night. As he lay awake, far into the hours of morning, many anxious thoughts pressed upon his mind.

Had he been acting strictly according to his duty in allowing himself the last few days to drift so completely into the charmed circle of Maud Linden's society? Ought he not to have avoided rather than courted these deep but fleeting pleasures, for the poor girl's sake as well as for his own?

Again, as to the mystery which already had began to cast its veil over the life of Sir Jasper Estcourt. What could there be between him and Dr. Lee? And those monstrous green spectacles? Was he really so weak-sighted as he had said, or were these spectacles but a sham—a help to disguise him, and, as it were, to conceal his face?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

In order that the strange demeanour of Dr. Lee may be explained, and the reader kept *au courant* with the progress of the story, we must now return to London, and note the proceedings of the Doctor upon his arrival in town.

That evening, after quitting the Lindens by the last train from Hamley to London, the Doctor, upon his arrival at London Bridge, took a cab to Brixton, with the object of seeing his friend and adviser, Mr. Baxter. That gentleman was, however, absent from home, having gone to see a client in the country, and was not expected back again till midnight. So Dr. Lee re-entered his cab and returned to town.

The Doctor passed as sleepless and anxious a night as did Arthur Beresford. Mrs. Lee did not fail to notice her husband's restlessness, and sought by a hundred inquiries to ascertain the cause. The Doctor, however, did not seem disposed to gratify her curiosity; and endeavoured, by evasive replies at first, and at last by angry remonstrances at her persistence, to baffle his spouse's inquisitiveness. So the lady sighed, declared her husband was a brute; and the Doctor growled his opinion that his wife was a fool—a trivial mystery between husband and wife, ending in this case, as is frequent in matrimonial life, in a matrimonial broil.

In the morning the Doctor took his breakfast by himself, having received a frigid message from Mrs. Lee that she was afflicted with a head-ache, and would not join him in his matitutinal meal. The coffee was cold, the bacon imperfectly cooked, the servant sternly polite, and the Doctor himself grew angry and out of sorts. So he p'shed! and p'shed! and ultimately, I am afraid, he swore, and went off to see his patients an hour before his accustomed time; Mrs. Lee meantime, no doubt, having a shrewd

suspicion of what was going on down-stairs, enjoyed a cup of hot coffee, well-cooked bacon, and the sympathy of her maid, up-stairs.

Having visited the most pressing of his patients, Dr. Lee ordered his coachman to drive to Lincoln's Inn, and called at the chambers of Mr. Baxter. That gentleman had not arrived there yet, so the chubby-faced little gentleman, Mr. Baxter's clerk, informed him.

"The Principal had most likely gone to the Company's Hall direct from home. Most probably, however, the Principal would soon be at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Would Dr. Lee be good enough to wait and take a seat in the Principal's room? Or would he communicate his business to *him*, the confidential clerk, who would not fail to consult the Principal thereon, as soon as that legal magnate should arrive."

"Thank you, Mr. Styles; I must see Mr. Baxter himself," Dr. Lee replied. "If you think he will not be long, I will elect to wait. Can you leave the office for a few minutes, Mr. Styles?"

Mr. Styles, with a lively appreciation of what was coming, readily answered that for a short period he would venture to undertake the responsibility of leaving the office to take care of itself; whereupon Dr. Lee invited the little gentleman to step to the tavern over the way, for the purpose of taking a glass of wine.

"Most happy, Dr. Lee, I'm sure," replied Mr. Styles, rubbing his hands and smacking his lips. "I will write a notice for the door, sir, if you will allow me; and then I am at your disposal, quite."

Mr. Styles then wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Will return in five minutes; letters and parcels with housekeeper upstairs;" and, having fastened this notice to the door by the nib of an old steel pen, accompanied the physician, as invited, to the Lincoln's Inn Shades.

Whilst the two gentlemen were enjoying the refreshment, Mr. Baxter arrived at his chambers, took down the notice, obtained the door-key from the housekeeper, and went into the inner sanctum to peruse the letters that were waiting for him on his desk.

Here Dr. Lee and the little clerk on their return found him; Mr. Styles's nose blushing perhaps somewhat a rosier tint than usual, partly by reason of the libation which he had just consecrated to Bacchus, and partly perhaps that the principal should have arrived at chambers and found him out.

"Hah! good morning, Lee! how d'ye do? Walk in and take a seat—I shall be at leisure in a moment; you'll excuse my looking

through these letters first. Where have you been, Styles? Have you got that draft of Simpson's copied."

Mr. Styles flushed and answered that he had.

"And I suppose you have now been taking it to Waterlow's?"

Mr. Styles blushed redder, and replied that it went to Waterlow's last night, and that he had just stepped out of the office with Dr. Lee.

"All right, Styles!" said his principal, with a smile. "Just find me the copy of Badger's affidavit, please—the last one we filed, you know. Thank you; if any one comes, I'm engaged with Dr. Lee."

The lawyer tore open letter after letter, glancing rapidly at the contents, making a memorandum on the fly-leaf of some of them, and then passing them to consider the next.

"Anything of importance, Lee? Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Mr. Baxter, tearing open another envelope as he spoke. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"Oh, don't hurry, my dear fellow, finish your letters, by all means."

Dr. Lee amused himself by walking round the room, and perusing the documents and notices upon the walls, and the japanned boxes, inscribed with clients' names, that were placed on shelves around.

"Mr. Styles tells me that he has been making an expedition to the East-end, to try to discover something about that woman in young Beresford's affair."

"Yes; he did so. But it came to nothing, I am sorry to say."

"So he says," returned Dr. Lee, seating himself, and trying to become interested in the *Times*.

Soon, however, Mr. Baxter had disposed of all his letters, and, pushing away his chair from the desk, declared that he was now at his friend's command.

"Yes, I'm sorry that was a disappointment. I suppose Styles has told you all about it? That man—Windlass, isn't his name?—seemed willing enough to say all he knew about the matter, but——"

"The woman had gone away years ago; and he doesn't appear to know her name."

"He does not know her present name; and that is a great pity, you see. But I have put an advertisement into the papers two or three times, inquiring after the woman by her maiden name—Susan something—which he mentioned to Styles. Till we get at her I don't perceive that we have any clue to the mystery

that we can follow up—nothing that we can catch hold of, in fact."

"I believe, Baxter, that *I* have got a clue," Dr. Lee, observed, quietly.

"The deuce you have!" ejaculated his friend. "What clue is that?"

"Well, I don't know that you, as a lawyer, will think much of it. Perhaps you'll laugh at me for thinking it worth mentioning to you."

"Not at all, my dear sir," returned the lawyer, with polite deprecation; "not at all. Nothing is too insignificant in such a matter as this. By the turning of a straw cannot we tell the direction of the tide? How would any crime be ever detected, or how any case established in law, except by carefully noting, and then adjusting, several apparently trivial and incongruous facts?"

"Just so; and it is because I have been deeply moved by an incident that may appear absurd, but to which I cannot help attaching importance, that I have come to relate the circumstances to you. Before, however, I do so, I want you to tell me all that you know concerning the character and antecedents of the man who is about to become the husband of my dear niece."

"Of Sir Jasper Estcourt?"

"Of him."

"What little I know of that gentleman and his family is easily told," Mr. Baxter replied. "But, in point of fact, of that branch of the family I do not know much. I was formerly the legal adviser of Miss Jane Woodford——"

"She was the elder sister of Mrs. Linden, I believe?"

"The elder sister of three, of whom Sir Jasper Estcourt's mother—the Lady Estcourt, in fact—was the second, and Mrs. Linden the youngest. It was she from whom Maud's fortune, or Sir Jasper's fortune, as the case may prove, is derived. You probably know the nature of the will."

"As I understand its conditions," said Dr. Lee, "they stand roughly as follows. The bulk of the property, about forty thousand pounds, is settled on Maud Linden, on condition that she marries Sir Jasper Estcourt."

"Except a sum of ten thousand pounds, which will then be at the husband's disposal out of the bequest."

"Should she refuse this marriage the poor girl will get nothing at all."

"Only one shilling piece," Mr. Baxter interposed. "And, in this case, Sir Jasper's legacy would be reduced to five thousand pounds. It is a curious will, but the obvious intention of the

testatrix was that the marriage should be accomplished; and so, whilst in some way providing for the scapegrace baronet in case Maud should refuse the match, the plain interest of both parties is most clearly that they should become man and wife."

"That is what I have understood to be the case," said Dr. Lee.

"Well, then, in regard to the second sister, Lady Estcourt," Mr. Baxter resumed, "I know but little indeed. I gather that she did not bear a very good reputation in her youth; she and Mrs. Linden have not been intimate, as you are aware, for many years."

"I am aware that Mrs. Linden has always spoken of her sister, Lady Estcourt, in rather equivocal terms—or, rather, that she has avoided speaking of her, as far as possible, in any terms at all."

"Yes, I fancy she was a gay, bad woman, who married her late baronet for his title and wealth. She was on the Continent a good deal, and used to gamble, at Hamburg and such places, I have heard when she was quite a girl; and, I believe, led her poor old fool of a husband, who married her for her beauty, a fearful life. Three children were the issue of this marriage—all sons; the first died in his childhood; the second succeeded to the title upon his father's death, but died unmarried while still a young man; and then the title and estates descended to the present baronet, Sir Jasper, of whom we speak."

"It is his history that I wish to know."

"Then, my dear Lee, I have no doubt that I can learn it for you at some future time; but at present I can only tell you this, Sir Jasper, from his youth, has been a rake, a spendthrift, and, I fear, a scamp!"

"A nice fellow for my niece's husband, upon my word!"

"He was rusticated from the University on account of the wildness of his proceedings there. He led a life of reckless extravagance and debauchery in town, gained such an ill reputation in his own county that he could not reside comfortably on his estate—his mother, indeed, had never been able to get a footing with any of the county families of repute; and of late years, I have understood, that he, if not Lady Estcourt also, has been much of his time in Paris, and amidst the gayest and worst phases of London life."

"Very pretty, indeed!" ejaculated the physician, smiling with indignation at what he heard.

"Nay, my dear sir," returned the other, deprecatingly, "we may at least hope that both the baronet and his amiable mother are now reformed. For many years past Lady Estcourt has led

a religious, respectable, almost an ascetic life. She is quite the leader of a certain sect, and is much respected by all who don't know her early history, on account of her piety, her charity, and her generous contributions to missionary societies, hospitals, and other charitable funds. In regard to Sir Jasper, he also, for the last four years, has settled, apparently, to a quiet and decent country life. But I am doubtful about his conversion to respectability, as it so suddenly occurred immediately after the terms of his aunt's will were known. Up to Miss Woodford's death he certainly bore no good name. I know, as a fact, that he was, and now is, deeply involved in debt, his estate mortgaged to nearly its full worth, and, I daresay, looks for his marriage with Maud to relieve him from some of his pecuniary scrapes."

"You mean, that his change to a respectable life is a mere sham, in order to impose on Maud and her relatives; so that his marriage with that poor girl should not be frustrated on account of the ill character his long and mispent life has earned?"

Mr. Baxter shrugged his shoulders in reply.

"I have disliked this marriage, my dear Lee, from the very first. But how can one counsel against it. It is a good one in a worldly point of view, beyond a doubt; and we may fairly hope for the best."

The two gentlemen sat in silence after this last remark—a silence which Dr. Lee presently was the first to break.

"Now, Baxter, you shall have my story in a few words," he said. "Yesterday when I escorted your daughter Emily to Hamley, Sir Jasper Estcourt was in the house. I did not see him, and at first I did not know he was there. After a conversation with Mrs. Linden I was going upstairs to see her husband. In passing the drawing-room door I heard voices inside; and then—my blood curdles when I recollect it—I heard a sound which took me to a time of four-and-twenty years ago, to the time when I was travelling in the railway-carriage to Dover with a stranger or my companion, who——but, Baxter, you know the horrid adventures of that night?"

"But, my dear Lee, what was the sound?"

"*The voice and strange, unnatural chuckle* of that young man. I will swear they are the same; and then I learned afterwards that Sir Jasper Estcourt was the man from whom they must have come."

CHAPTER XVII.

ARTHUR BERESFORD'S DREAM.

UNCONSCIOUS of the discovery, or rather the supposed discovery, made by Dr. Lee as to the identity of Sir Jasper Estcourt with the hero of his mysterious adventure at Dover so many years before, Arthur Beresford retired to his chamber for the night.

Full of care and foreboding was the young man's mind; foreboding of some dread and undefined evil that might happen to him, or, still worse, to the sweet girl whom he had learned to love so tenderly. Nor were these the only sentiments—vague and whimsical sentiments, it is true—which agitated Arthur Beresford's breast. These made him anxious, uneasy, and restless, because they were of that indefinite, irrational kind, that he could not boldly grasp and analyse them, and so defy them.

"My nerves are shaken, I think," he uttered to himself, as, having closed and locked his bed-room door, he walked to the window, and drew up the blind. "My nerves are shaken, through listening to the tattle of the girls about this bald-headed baronet and his green spectacles, or else my supper has given me indigestion, or else I am growing a most unmitigated fool!"

And with a hoarse laugh at his own folly, he threw open the attice window, and leaned out, in order that the fresh night air might calm him.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the sky was dotted by myriads of twinkling stars. Orion and Caseiopœa, Charles's Wain, and the faintly gleaming pola star, Sirius, that mysterious giant sun, with its chameleon, prism-like hues—all these shone out from the dark canopy against which broke the darker outline of distant trees.

Beresford could not at any time contemplate those eternal lamps and that profound, unfathomable expanse without the deepest awe. To-night, as he looked upwards, a superstitious thrill seemed to pass athwart his frame, chilling the very marrow of his bones.

But beyond his foreboding of evil, his superstitious dread—a dread which he could not define but was unable to suppress—was a grave reproach that almost amounted to remorse!

Had he been acting strickly as an honourable man in permitting himself to enter the sanctity of that house, knowing, as he did, alas! too well, how deeply had sunk into his heart the image of sweet Maud Linden, and suspecting that she, poor girl, was not indifferent to him. Oh, how his heart bounded and exulted at that thought! Should he not, as an honest man, have resolutely resisted the temptation of visiting the home where Maud

had dwelt in innocence and peace. Knowing the relations that fate had decreed should stand between Maud and her unknown cousin, that all the great advances which the world so much regards—wealth and rank against poverty and an humble sphere—depended for her upon her marriage with him, what right had he, Arthur Beresford, to do aught that might frustrate the scheme?

He had promised that he would be guarded in his conduct towards Maud; that he would say or do nothing that should betray to her the passion which had now usurped the mastery of him; that he would watch himself carefully lest, in a moment of weakness, he should reveal his great love, and so lead the poor girl into a dangerous sympathy and compassion. How had he fulfilled that pledge? So far as spoken language was concerned, he knew he had not been false; but had not his eyes uttered a language more eloquent than articulate sounds? Had not his watchful glances, following the girl in her every movement, declared plainly to her woman's heart the sentiments of his own?

And now, again, came jealousy and suspicion of Sir Jasper Estcourt to add their stings. Who was the baronet? What mystery enshrouded him? Why should he be in terror lest he should encounter Dr. Lee? An elderly, bald-headed, half-reformed rake, leading, perhaps, a decent life now only because he was sated with the pleasures of a vicious one—was he a fit husband for Maud? Could he possibly make her happy? And, beside these admitted disadvantages, what was the nameless one that this mystery in his behaviour implied?

Bitterly—bitterly, did Arthur Beresford curse his hard fate, his want of fortune and position in life, that prevented him from boldly offering his hand and heart to Maud, and begging her to accept the honest love of a man who would make her happy, rather than sacrifice herself to a marriage of *convenance* with an old roué she did not know and could scarcely like.

Just then a thick, dark cloud, which had obscured the face of the bright, full moon, became silvery at its edges and drifted away. Then the orb of night, free from the fleecy cloudlets, flooded the scene with celestial light, which shimmered through the trees and lit up the long garden and shrubbery beneath.

There was a long, winding gravel path, which cut its deviating way through the lawn to the garden's distant verge. As Arthur looked down this undulating pathway, the red gravel of which was shown up by the contrast with the dark green lawn, it seemed for a moment to his excited fancy like a huge red serpent that stretched its body across the grounds. And, as this queer idea presented itself, the moon became enveloped in another

flitting cloud, the passing shadow of which gave motion to the scene, and *the serpent seemed to wriggle its body upon the grass!*

With something very like an imprecation at the folly of the thoughts into which his imagination was leading him, Beresford hastily closed the window and went to bed.

A long time elapsed, however, ere sleep visited his pillow that night. He heard the clocks strike midnight and the first and second hours of morning, yet he had never even dozed. The evils which beset him, and the foreboding of worse evils yet to come, seemed to grow darker and more terrible as he tossed upon his pillow, wishing that sleep would come and bring its refreshing calm.

Between the hours of two and three he fell asleep, and then he dreamed a dream. He dreamt that he was rambling by the sea-side, and that Maud Linden was resting on his arm, with her sweet, soft face upturned towards his. Suddenly the sky became overcast and overspread the ocean, as it were, with a black pall, out of which two bright stars gleamed luridly. While he watched these unnatural-looking planets, he fancied Maud, who was watching them also, became alarmed. He felt her hand tremble upon his arm. He thought she whispered, "Do you know what those stars are?" A strange sinking of the hear seized upon him as he answered, "No." "They are the *lights of the Goodwin Sands!*" cried Maud, in distress. And then she called upon him, in a heartrending scream, to save her, or that she would be lost.

It seemed to him, at this moment, that he was conscious of some horrid presence behind him, and, turning to see the cause, he perceived, standing with folded arms, a man whom he recognised as Sir Jasper Estcourt, who stared at him with a horrid grin, and glided with noiseless steps between him and Maud, whom he seized and bore away, while Arthur himself remained helpless and rooted to the spot.

Again he thought it was evening, and that he and Maud Linden were in the shrubbery at the back of the house. The full moon was shining high in the sky; and suddenly whilst he was whispering to the girl, and vowing that he loved her better than life and all the world possessed, she put her finger to her lips, and asked him if he did not hear some one from the house call upon her by name.

He had heard no one call.

"I did," said Maud, her face turning pale and her form trembling like an aspen leaf. "I heard Sir Jasper Estcourt call me, and I must——Oh, Arthur! I feel I cannot help myself, and I *must* go to him! Oh, Arthur, I know I shall never see you again!" and, with a sob of grief, she left him and went indoors.

Whilst he was waiting, hoping Maud would return, he heard a rustling amidst the foliage around him; and, turning, he beheld a monstrous snake that was creeping—creeping stealthily towards him. A deadly terror seized him; yet he could neither defend himself nor flee. And the serpent drew nearer and nearer, and, opening its huge jaws, Arthur felt it fœtid breath upon his cheek. Just, however, as it was about to strike him with its horrid fangs, a blow from a heavy stick fell upon the monster's head, and then he recognised Dr. Lee as his unexpected deliverer.

Once more he dreamt that he was again in the garden, that it was still moonlight, and that he was listening to music, and that Maud began to sing one of her favourite songs. When the girl ceased singing she came to his side, and, with a look of awe, asked him what was the matter with the moon. Glancing up at the moon, to which Maud pointed, he perceived a strange perturbation on the lunar disc, which gradually developed a man's mouth, and nose, and eyes. Presently he became aware that it was the face of Sir Jasper Estcourt that was grinning at him from the sky. He struggled to hide his eyes from the horrid sight, and in the struggle he awoke.

A cold perspiration bathed his brow as he sprang from the bed, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that the consciousness came to him that his horrible nightmare was not a reality, but a ghastly dream.

"Only a dream, Heaven be praised!" he ejaculated, burying his face in his hands, and wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "Only a dream—yet how fearfully real it seemed!"

He looked at his watch and perceived it was only three o'clock; so he returned to bed; but sleep came not again to him till long after the break of dawn. He did not dare to go to sleep with the influence of that fearful dream upon him; but for hours lay awake, unable to drive that influence from his mind.

When the dawn broke, and the soft morning sun rose over the eastern hills, the horror of the night subsided, and a light slumber at length brought relief to his aching head.

He was up and dressed betimes; and was inhaling the fresh air in the garden before any other person in the household had risen.

How different was the aspect of his thoughts now, from what they had worn in the night! There was the winding gravel walk, which he had contemplated from the bedroom window, and which he remembered he had likened to a serpent before he went to sleep. It had no serpentine aspect *now*; except, indeed, that it wound through the grass plot in graceful curves. But this was a perfectly satisfactory solution to his mind of the course of the *snake* part of the dream.

The whole of that dream, in fact, had its practical solution, which Arthur did not fail to discover. The two bright stars which changed into the Goodwin Lights, had their foundation in the contemplation of the starry heavens, which he had indulged in before he retired to rest, and in the recollection of Dr. Lee's adventurers at Dover, which constantly recurred to Beresford since he had been aware how intimately his own life was associated with them.

As for Maud Linden's share of his dream, was he not always dreaming of her, awake as well as asleep? His mind had been full of Maud, and his hated rival, Sir Jasper Estcourt; what wonder, then, that he should dream of them—that Maud whom he loved should be haunted by the evil genius whom he detested? That this was the true explanation of that horrid dream was proved by the fact that even Sir Jasper's green spectacles were not absent from the vision. And Arthur Beresford was disposed to laugh now when he remembered how much the mere fact of the baronet, availing himself of this ordinary aid to a weak sight had disturbed him.

He had arrived at the agreeable frame of scepticism which induced him to believe that his last night's dream was the effect of previous impressions rather than a premonition of future events, when the breakfast-bell summoned him to the house.

He was met on the door step by Jack Linden, who was in the highest spirits about a fact that Arthur had forgotten—viz., that, as soon as breakfast was over, they were to start on the little picnic which Mrs. Linden had arranged in the honour of Sir Jasper Estcourt and himself.

"Such a jolly place, Beresford, where we are going, you know," Jack said, with a patronising nod. "I'll take my big Indie and a stick, so that we can have a game at rounder, you know. We'll enjoy ourselves. We don't want a pack of girls dangling at our heels, do we? Sir Jasper can look after them."

ROUND LAKES HURON AND SUPERIOR.

In September of the year 1874, after resting some days at the Falls of Niagara, after a tour in the United States, I determined to make my way into Canada, and visit that beautiful and comparatively unexplored district that lies to the North West of Upper Canada, and is known as British America, and joins the Northern boundary of Lake Superior. Accordingly, the morning of the 11th September found me at 9 o'clock with my baggage at the little village of Niagara, about nine miles from the Falls, where I embarked myself and traps on the "City of Toronto;" and after a pleasant sail of four hours across the Western end of Lake Ontario, arrived at the town of Toronto, from which place I intended to start on my Western tour. Accordingly I made for the Queen's Hotel, where I purposed remaining the night and leaving all my baggage, except absolute necessaries. I then visited a gunsmith and laid in a stock of cartridges, and added a light breach-loading rifle to my other implements of war, which at present consisted of a double-barrelled breach-loading twelve-bore and a Colt's revolver.

The following day at 11.30 a.m, I took my seat in a drawing-room car—now well enough known in England not to call for any description—attached to the train leaving Toronto for Collingwood, that being the farthest point I was able to proceed by means of cars, and is distant from Toronto ninety-four miles; this distance we accomplished in about five hours, including a stoppage to lunch at a pretty little station, the name of which I forget, on the banks of Lake Simicoe.

At about half-past four I embarked on board the "Cumberland," the craft on which I was to make my tour across the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior, and was foolish enough to expect, that as the advertised time for starting was half-past four, that we should be ready to proceed somewhere about that hour; but, oh no; they do these things differently in Canada; in that great country for a steamer or a train to be a a few hours late in starting is of no consequence: on the Grand Trunk Railway no train ever starts antil the conductor has comfortably finished his lunch or dinner, and on these lakes no steamer leaves the wharf until the Captain has leisurely completed all his arrangements on shore: the purser informed me that the captain was not coming down from Toronto until the late

train, as he was engaged to dine with some friends, consequently we should certainly not start before 11 p.m. I therefore turned out for a stroll about Collingwood, which, I must confess, is a miserable place: there is a sort of a street with about a dozen shops, a small wooden church, and the remainder of the place consists of houses, nearly all of which are built of wood, and are scattered about like currants in a school plum-pudding, and have about the same average of quantity and regularity; in fact, if asked, for what Collingwood was famous, I should say because it is the terminus of the Northern Railway of Canada; I should, however, mention that lumbering is carried on to a great extent in the neighbourhood, and that there are some large steam mills there.

About 11 p.m., the captain having arrived, we made a start in the middle of a violent thounderstorm and every appearance of bad weather. I turned in, but was kept awake a great part of the night by the violence of the gale, it blowing great guns; however, having served a sort of apprenticeship on the Atlantic Ocean, I managed to get a few hours' rest; and it was quite as well to get accustomed to the noise at once, as the whole voyage was one running accompaniment of gales.

The following morning, finding that we had made but little way during the night, and the storm still blowing hard, we ran into a small haven callen Owen's Sound for shelter, and there remained untli 5 p.m., amusing ourselves by getting on board wood for fuel. I also strolled into the woods with my gun, hoping to find a duck or two, but saw nothing alive during a five hours' walk, either man, woman, bird, or beast.

We had but a few passengers on board, and these were principally men who lived on small settlements on Lake Superior, returning to their homes to be quietly snowed up for the winter, for it is unsafe to delay one's return to those parts later than October, as at any time after that month the lakes may be frozen up and navigation stopped. In November of last year, the steamer on which I was embarked was frozen up on her journey from Thunder Bay to Collingwood, and obliged to remain there until the following May, necessitating the captain and crew to walk for a whole month before they reached Collingwood, experiencing considerable hardship from the cold, and often being short of food: the steward and stewardess not being able to undertake such a journey had to remain on board the whole winter, and depend on procuring food from the nearest settlement on the Lake. We had on board an old gentleman with whom I had made great friends, and whom I trust I may meet again; he was a Hudson's Bay officer, and had been in the Company thirty-three years; for the

last seventeen he had been Governor of Fort Edmonton on the Sashatchewan River, and for one period of his service of thirty-three years, had been for fifteen of them at no time nearer to civilisation than Thunder Bay. I was much indebted to him for the information I received from him as to life among Indians, and for the details of the Red River Expedition caused by the revolt o Louis Riel in 1869; he had in the preceding month retired from the Company, and was now on his way to Manitoba to finally arrange his affairs prior to leaving the "Far West" for ever.

Before proceeding further with an account of the voyage, I should here pay a tribute to our worthy commander, Captain McGregor; he was about forty-five years of age, and appeared to excel in whatever he took in hand, an excellent sailor, a first-rate shot, and an adept at billiards, whist, chess, and euchre; indeed, I have to thank him for my first lesson in the latter game, which is truly an American one; when I add that to the above qualities he was a most genial companion, it will easily be understood that he was a favourite with all; he would even take the steamer ten miles out of her way to oblige a passenger who wanted to land at any particular point; and he had on all occasion one set remark to make, which was, "that as we were all travelling through the world for the last time, he considered it the duty of each one of us to make the journey as pleasant as possible for the others."

At 5 p.m., the weather moderating a little, we made another start, stopping again at an Indian village called Shecamindy, or as the name has been recently altered to Killarney. I may here remark, *en passant*, how very prevalent the absurd custom has become in America of changing the Indian names of villages into those of English or Irish ones; the old names in almost all instances have a direct meaning in the Indian language, while those substituted for them are alike misplaced and senseless. A notable instance of this occurs in the railway journey from Saratoga to Niagara, where we stop at "Utica" to lunch, and at "Syracuse" to dine.

After leaving Schecamindy, or Killarney, we proceed across the Lake, stopping again at Spanish river to discharge some corn, and here first saw the red man; but he was not exactly of the type described by Cooper, being in a great measure civilised, and endeavouring to imitate the white man in his style of dress; then along the Lawrence Mines, where we deposited one or two Canadian lumberers, and then steaming along the North Channel, we arrived at the Bruce Mines at 8 o'clock in the evening (Sunday). When at the Bruce Mines, we had arrived at that narrow part which connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior, and the scenery is very

beautiful—numberless islands stud the surface of the lake, which in some portions is only sufficiently broad to allow of the passage of the steamer, and flocks of wild fowl are seen careering along from island to island with all the feelings of safety engendered by solitude. Two hours later we arrived at the Sault St. Marie, which I think merits a few words of notice.

It is a settlement founded by the Jesuits 150 years ago, and prior to this it had been an Indian village, and is generally supposed to be the oldest settlement in Northern Canada. The settlement, both on the Americen and Canadian side of the Lake, has the same name, and each is of about equal size—if anything, that on the American side is the larger—on that side, also, there is a small fort; indeed, all along the American side of Lake Superior these forts are placed at intervals; while the Canadian side is left wholly unprotected. At this place, also, we have a striking example of how the Yankees work while the Canadians think. Between the two settlements the rapids are exceedingly swift, but also very shallow, and consequently impassible except for bark canoes; on the Canadian side, a canal could, owing to the course taken by the stream, have been made with comparative ease; while on the American side considerable engineering difficulties presented themselves. Notwithstanding this, however, the Americans took the initiative and made a canal on their own side from the foot to the head of the rapids; consequently, all the Lake Superiors steamers, which are Canadian boats, can only obtain ingress to Lake Superior by passing through the American canal on suffrance. I may add that the canal on the Canadian side is still talked about, and I think it very possible that the opening of it and the millennium will occur on the same day.

The settlement of Sault St. Marie is but small, consisting of 1500 inhabitants, including both sides of the lake; they are principally Roman Catholics, and their chief business is keeping some two or three stores, and as many public houses. The district in this neighbourhood is beginning to be opened out for the purposes of mining, and from the quantities of iron ore that can be seen cropping through the surface of the land, must prove a source of profitable speculation, if the difficulty of conveying the ore to Toronto could be overcome. Here are plenty of Indians who occupy themselves in nothing but hunting, and are for the most part to be found among the small lakes which lie some fifteen or twenty miles in the interior. In the winter plenty of deer and a species of moose known as "cariboo" abound. Winter sets in about the middle of October, and from the middle of November to May the whole of the lakes are locked in ice, and the only mode of progression is either by skates, snow-shoes, or dog sleighs; in

this neighbourhood the dogs are harnessed tandem four in Indian file, further north they are harnessed abreast, and in some districts in a cluster.

Leaving Sault St. Marie by the canal, we next stopped at a small promontory called Point aux Pins in order to take in wood before reaching Lake Superior, in which we should arrive on rounding the point; during the two hours we remained I went on shore and shot plover for dinner; they were the only bird I saw, and even they were not plentiful.

There was nothing worthy of notice about Point aux Pins, one store, three or four wooden houses, and a small encampment of Indians in the woods, about a mile from the lake comprising everything.

In an hour's time, after getting under weight, we steamed into Lake Superior, the largest sheet of fresh water in the world, and here I must say a few words in feeble description of it.

It is more than 400 miles in length and 200 in breadth, 600 feet above the level of the Atlantic, and nearly 1000 feet in depth; here you may be out of sight of land for hours at a time, and in gales the roughness of it almost rivals the Atlantic. Vessels 700 and 800 tons, careering along under full sail, greet the view, while the lighthouses on the various dangerous points tend to convey to the mind the idea that you are not on an inland lake, but on the mighty ocean.

It is clear as crystal; and looking down on it when calm you can see the sharp outline of the rocks 100 feet below.

The feeling of wonder which first strikes the mind on gazing on the mighty Niagara here ceases: you no longer feel surprise at the appalling volume of water perpetually rushing over that mighty cataract, but, on the contrary, almost wonder that even that gigantic escape-valve is equal to the task of disposing of this volume of water above it. Think on the outpourings of this vast sheet, and trace its course in your mind, taking in first Lakes Michigan and Huron, and afterwards Lake Erie ere with one fell swoop it hurls itself with a sound surpassing that of thunder over those wonderful falls, not to have seen which is to have left unvisited the finest sight in God's creation: then with a calmness and smoothness, as if resting in dismay after its fearful leap, look at it again as the St. Lawrence, and picture to yourself the Thousand Islands, of every size and formation, reposing upon its placid bosom, ere, like a warrior eager for the fray, it again arms itself for the strife in the Cedar and Lachine rapids; look on it as it majestically sweeps past the towering headland of Quebec, and then again hundreds of miles further away, and more than 2000 miles from its cradled home as it bids farewell to Canada, and, though it may be, is compelled to

condescend to become but a unit in the vast Atlantic, assuaging its humbled pride, however, by the thought that it is no mean rival whose superior sway it is compelled at last to acknowledge.

After making about 40 miles progress on the lake, we were caught in the heaviest of the equinoctial gales then raging, and were compelled to make for the shelter of White Fish Point, and anchor for the night. I turned in at 11 P.M., hoping for fine weather, as these delays were taking up considerable time; but in the morning I found the storm raging worse than ever, and no prospect of being able to get away for seven or eight hours at least; consequently, as we were anchored within a few yards of the bank, I managed, after great danger of an upset, to get on shore in one of the steamer's boats, and started off with a half-bred as a guide into the interior, where there were several small lakes abounding with wild ducks, and after a hard day's walk of about 20 miles through the woods, I return on board the steamer in the evening laden with ducks, plover, snipe, and wood-pigeon, thereby causing me to receive a more welcome reception than I should have had if I had returned empty-handed, as I kept the steamer waiting three hours, the weather having moderated so much as to allow of our leaving at three o'clock, and it being then six.

White Fish Point is so called from the fact of its being a fishing station where these fish are caught in great quantity and of large size; there is a very fine lighthouse on the promontory, and the inhabitants of the place consist of the lighthouse keeper and his family and the fishermen engaged in their business: the keeper remains in the lighthouse the whole winter, though of course the lights are not required, owing to all navigation being stopped by the ice.

We started onward again, and early in the morning left Michipicoten Island on the port hand, and eight hours later again stopped at the Slate Islands to disembark one of our passengers who lived there for fishing purposes during the summer months. Slate Islands are a cluster of three or four, thickly wooded, and are situated at the extreme north of the lake: they are only inhabited in the summer, and then only by the man whom we had stopped to deposit, and his friend, who live in a small wooden shanty; just at that time, however, there happened to be a party of three French engineers on one of the islands prospecting for silver, of which there is supposed to be quantities; they were very glad to see us, and I should certainly think that life there must require you to have great resources of amusement in yourself in order to enjoy it; we exchanged some of our fresh meat with them for some white fish, and left them to continue their life of amateur Robinson Crusoes.

We next passed La Grange and the Verd Islands, and at eight in the evening arrived at the mouth of the Nepigon River; here we dropped anchor, and sent a boat three miles up the river to a small post of the Hudson's Bay Company, in order to get their letters and convey them to Collingwood on our return journey, the steamers taking a more southerly course on their way home.

While here a fog came on so thickly that we were obliged to remain at anchor until 5 a.m. on the following morning, when after a run of four hours we passed the Island of St. Ignace, and then came in sight of Porphyry Point, a welcome sight, as we knew we were now within seven hours' run of our destination. We rounded the point at 12 a.m., and an hour later arrived at Silver Islet, our last stopping-place before reaching Thunder Bay. Silver Islet merits a few words being devoted to it, as it is one of the great wonders of the neighbourhood.

In size it is about three-quarters of an acre, and it is about a quarter mile distant from the main land; previous to four years ago it belonged to some private individuals, and was not made any use of; after that it was purchased from them by a Montreal Company, who had some reason to believe that it contained silver ore, at a price of ten or fifteen thousand dollars: they employed a mining engineer to survey it, and he reported that he had every reason to believe it did contain quantities of silver, but it would require an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars to arrive at any definite conclusion; this frightened the Company, who, true to their national characteristics, delayed and considered for some time before they could reconcile themselves to the idea of spending any money without the *certainty* of an adequate return; in the meantime the Yankees had got scent of the matter, and were on the *qui vive* to purchase; they formed a company in New York, and then offered the Montreal Company two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Island: this sum they in their short-sighted policy accepted at once, and then had the satisfaction of seeing the New York Company take from the Island in the first year no less than a million and a-half of dollars, and the yield yearly has averaged this amount ever since. All sorts of stories are prevalent as to what the Island is worth, but most of them must be taken *cum grano salis*; it is, however, I believe, an authenticated fact that one of the members of the Company, whose share is one-eighth of the whole, refused *five millions of dollars* for his share.

On looking at the Island closely, it appears clear to even an ordinary observer that it has at some time formed part of the mainland, and if that fact is allowed, it must be acknowledged

to be very unlikely that the whole of the silver ore in that neighbourhood is contained in that one small piece of ground; what a field there must be then for exploration all around, when the land outside, a radius of eight miles from it, can be purchased from the Canadian Government at 4s. per acre! There is now; small settlement of shanties, a store or two, and some public-houses on the bank of the lake immediately opposite the Island a and the people who live there are nearly all employed in the working of it; they are conveyed to and from the Island each day by a small steamer, and every man before leaving the Island each night is searched, to prevent the theft of the ore, which would otherwise in all probability take place to a large amount.

Two hours after leaving Silver Islet we rounded Thunder Cape, and entered the bay, which is of large size and forms a splendid harbour: two hours later we passed between the appropriately-named Welcome Islands, and at 4 p.m. arrived alongside the wharf of Prince Arthur's Landing, which was our terminus. We had travelled over 950 miles of the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior, the time occupied in so doing being six days and nights.

I left the steamer and proceeded inland, accompanied by two Indians towards Fort Garry and the Red River, for the purpose of hunting deer and cariboo; but as my object in writing this short sketch is merely to point out a pleasant way to spend ten days in Canada, and seeing the finest scenery in the country at the same time, I do not intend to enter upon my adventures in the interior, which would only be of interest to sportsmen, but shall assume that I returned by the same steamer to Collingwood as the one I had come up by, this being the course usually adopted by people making only the usual tour; the time I spent in the woods I therefore omit, and we will suppose that after a delay of one day at Thunder Bay I am now beginning my return journey, though really it is a record of my passage some time afterwards.

I need say but very few words as to my voyage back to Collingwood; we kept a much more southerly course straight across the lake, calling at but few places, and I am sorry to say again experienced stormy weather the whole way.

Leaving Thunder Bay at 8 o'clock p.m., we made straight across the Lake all night, and in the morning it blew a perfect hurricane: it was impossible to keep the breakfast table on its legs, and we had to take our food in our hands as we could: we saw no land all day, except Michipicoten Island, a long way to the north of us.

The following morning we made Point aux Pins at 8 a.m., and then the gale subsided, but the weather was very cold: two

hours later brought us again to Sault St. Marie, where we took in wood and proceeded on our way. Nothing worthy of note occurred all day, and at 11 p.m. I turned in for the night, after playing euchre for an hour with the captain. We stopped at Bruce Mines during the night, and at half-past seven on the following evening made our last stoppage, and took in sufficient wood for our final run to Collingwood, a distance of 182 miles, across Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay. The following morning at 8 o'clock we could distinguish Collingwood in the distance, and precisely at half-past ten we ran alongside the quay, thus completing the tour, which occupied nine days and eleven nights, including stoppages, and having travelled over 1550 miles of water. I took the cars from Collingwood, and arrived once more in Toronto at 4 p.m.

In concluding this short and necessarily imperfect sketch, I would strongly advise any one who may happen to be in Canada and have 10 days to spare, to pack his portmanteau, take his gun, and make the round; but if he has the opportunity of choosing his time for it, by all means go either in June, July, or August: after this the weather up so far north becomes broken, and is always cold; and if later than August he will in all probability have to contend with as stormy weather as I had when I made my tour round Lakes Huron and Superior.

THE

TRUE FATE OF EDWARD PENDLEBURY.

At a time when a large portion of the soil of Ireland was cut up into numberless small holdings, yearly becoming less and less in area, owing to the multiplication of those who claimed a right to divide them, and year by year producing smaller and poorer crops, through the inability of the owners to sufficiently manure and properly till the ground,—a state of affairs, by-the-bye, which the great, enlightened, and philanthropic statesmen, Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, wish to see restored,—the twelve poorest and worst cultivated acres in the County Down were owned by a man named Thomas Pendlebury, the lineal descendant of one of Cromwell's Ironsides, who, on the pacification of Ireland by the Protector's army, had chosen to settle on the land which had been granted to him by Oliver, out of the confiscated estates of Shamus O'Neil, to whose family all that part of the country had from time immemorial belonged.

Shamus had been killed, fighting for King Charles, at the siege of Drogheda, and died without male heirs. He had one daughter, however, whom tradition has painted beautiful as Aphrodite and chaste as Diana, and who at the time of her father's death was about sixteen years of age, and motherless.

How it came to pass that the last survivor of a proud and noble race consented to marry the usurper of her lands, tradition sayeth not; but that she became his wife is positive, as is likewise the fact that in doing so she forsook the religion of her forefathers, and adopted that of her husband, to whom the same authority pronounces her to have been a good and faithful wife, and by whom she became the mother of twin sons.

As to how long the last of the O'Neils lived after her marriage and whether or not she survived her husband, tradition is again silent; but it is probable that the tough old Ironside outlived his gentle partner, for there is a rumour extant, unsupported, however, by documentary evidence, of a second Mrs. Pendlebury, who also had two sons.

If this be really so, these younger children must have been disinherited, or have died in their childhood—have predeceased their father, at any rate; for at the Colonel's death the estate of Carnalbanagh was divided into two about equal portions, thenceforward known by the names of Carnalbanagh East and Carnalbanagh West, and occupied by the twin descendants of Shumas O'Neil.

A very fair and equitable arrangement, it may be said, far

preferable to the iniquitous customs of primogeniture and entail—no doubt, if subdivision of property could be kept within certain limits. Both the twins, however, married, and had numerous sons and daughters; and amongst these, at the death of their respective fathers, the property was again partitioned. This disintegrating process was repeated by each succeeding generation, until, in process of time, the Pendlebury estates were cut up into a multitude of tiny holdings, the owners whereof grew poorer and poorer with each division of the land, until at last the descendants of the Ironside Colonel and the daughter of the O'Neils were merged into the ranks of the surrounding peasantry.

In the year 1826, the last living descendants of old Thomas Pendlebury, in the male line at least, was the Thomas already mentioned as being owner of the twelve poorest and worst cultivated acres in that part of Ireland, and his two sons, then approaching to man's estate, Thomas junior, and Edward, two raw-boned lads, merely peasants, utterly uneducated, ignorant even of their descent, and altogether without ambition of any sort, save one.

And a miserable ambition it was: to wit, that of becoming each sole owner of the impoverished twelve acres upon which stood the miserable cabin in which they had been born. Both brothers, however, kept their thoughts to themselves, and by attention and great deference to the father each sought to influence him, and procure a will in his own favour to the exclusion of the other.

Whether Thomas senior saw through their design is uncertain, but he firmly refused to make a will; thinking probably that were he to do so, he must make an enemy of the son whom he disinherited, and lessen his own importance in their eyes, which, at that time, was considerable.

A widower, almost from the birth of his sons, Thomas Pendlebury had brought them up alone, or rather with the only assistance of a motherly goat, and never suffered a woman to put foot inside his cabin, or even to trespass on his twelve acres. For the same reason—intense dislike to female society—he never suffered the boys to go to school, or church, but permitted them to grow up like beasts of the field, without education, or religion, or anything but the very slightest intercourse with their neighbours.

The twelve acres, impoverished as they were, produced potatoes enough to feed them all throughout the year, and a small plot of ground was devoted to cabbages and other table vegetables. A couple of pigs, a goat (not the boys' foster-mother), a donkey, and a few fowls, completed the stock of the farm.

The donkey was employed on the land, but chiefly to carry home turf from the Montiaghs Bog, where it was plentiful, and to be had for the cutting.

Now and then a pig was sold at the fair, or to a neighbour, and the money safely stowed away by the old man in a convenient hole in the thatched roof of the cabin.

The rector sometimes called at the door, but was never permitted to enter the wretched hovel, where the goat, donkey, and fowls took their rest with their owners. The pigs were kept in scarcely a worse shed outside.

The family fare, especially when the boys had begun to grow up, was often improved by the addition of a hare or pheasant, trapped on the domains of the adjacent landowners; who, though strangely suspecting, never succeeded in taking the Pendleburys' *flagrante delicto*, poaching.

A season of trial and affliction was in store for the poor Irish, and especially for the Irish poor. In the autumn of 1846, the potatoe crop was a general failure; famine ensued, and was followed by fever, to which, after enduring unheard-of privations with the fortitude of a Spartan or a stoic, the elder Pendlebury succumbed without having made a will.

The sons were aware that their father had money stowed away somewhere, and after a long and diligent search succeeded in discovering the hoard, concealed in a hole in the thatch. The find was the means of saving their lives: they were fond of money, but fonder of existence; so they divided the silver equally between them, and sparingly used it for the purchase of the simplest food, until the famine ceased, and the potato once more flourished, if it could be said ever to have done so, on the exhausted soil of their patrimony.

The goat, pigs, and fowl had disappeared, but were, in time, replaced by others; the donkey, however, survived the "dark days," and yearly dragged his loads of turf from the Montiaghs.

With returning prosperity, or what passed with them for such, the brothers took heart, and the youngest even spoke of taking a wife, and commenced to court Anne Jane Lavery, the daughter of a neighbouring cottier, who had not much to recommend her, morally or physically, except a "fortune" of *five* pounds, left to her by an uncle, and which her father had expended in the improvement of his farm, promising that she should have it back whenever she was married, a contingency which the worthy parent deemed most unlikely.

Although, like his father, he professed an aversion to the sex, Thomas no sooner heard of his brother's intention of marrying than he, too, resolved to take a wife; and attracted, probably, by

the bait of her "fortune," laid siege to the heart of the fair Anne Jane, which, though she was pledged to Edward, he very soon succeeded in winning for himself.

The two brothers had until then, from the time of the death of their father, lived amicably together, jointly working the farm, and dividing equally the products of any portion of the crops or live stock they had disposed of, as not being required for their own use: but as soon as Edward discovered his brother's treachery, and the fair Anne Jane's inconstancy, he immediately demanded a division of the property; and on Thomas resisting his claim, went to law, and won his case; the elder brother was condemned in the costs of the proceedings, in order to pay which he was obliged to mortgage his six acres: but he took his disappointment more quietly than was expected, and seemed to bear no grudge against his brother.

There was a slight dispute about the donkey: the poor old beast could not be divided, and Edward refused to agree to a proposal that they should have the use of the animal in turn: it was accordingly twice driven to a fair at two adjoining towns, but was brought back, each time, without having found a purchaser. At last, just as Edward was about making a second appeal to the law, the poor old donkey died, and saved the brothers the expense of further litigation.

Living so near to each other as they did—under the same rôof, in fact—it was scarcely to be expected that the brothers would altogether escape having now and then a skirmish, which could not, however, be dignified with the name of quarrel. Still, bickerings were of frequent occurrence about trifles, and one day Edward remarked to a neighbour, with whom, contrary to his custom, he got into conversation over the hedge that divided his property from the road, that he had made up his mind to sell his farm and emigrate to America.

The neighbour was surprised, and was about to put more questions, when a sudden irruption of Thomas's pigs into Edward's cabbage plot, caused the latter to start off in all haste to the rescue of his vegetables, and the conversation, thus abruptly broken off, was never resumed. From that day no one ever remembered having seen Edward Pendlebury.

It was taken for granted, on the testimony of the neighbour, that the absentee had really carried out his intention and emigrated to the United States, so no inquiries were made; and if his farm was to be sold, who so likely to buy it as Thomas? In fact, so little was known about the Pendleburys that no one took much interest in the matter. They had always been reserved and silent, and were rather generally disliked than otherwise.

After the lapse of some months from the time when the

absence of the younger brother from his farm was noticed and commented on in the village, Mrs. Pendlebury took the extraordinary step of calling on the rector of the parish to inform him that her husband had received a letter from Edward, who was doing very well in America: but the rev. gentlemen was from home, and the message was left with his housekeeper.

The rector thought it curious that Thomas, who could not read, should have received a letter from Edward, who could not write, but merely remarked that he was glad to hear it.

A short time afterwards the village postman happened to call at the Rectory, when the rev. gentleman observed: "So there's been a letter from Edward Pendlebury at last, McCreery!"

"Has there, your reverence?" replied the postman, looking surprised, and continued: "Sure it didn't come to our office, then."

"No!" exclaimed the rector, and mused, but made no further remark to the postman, who, after saluting his pastor with great respect, pursued his round. The clergyman then read his letters, and having answered one or two, called to his housekeeper for his walking boots, and, starting off, took the road leading to Carnalbanagh, which was about a mile from the rectory.

Dr. Wynne was an excellent walker, and soon knocked at the door of the cabin where dwelt Thomas Pendlebury and his wife. The door was closed, however, and the rector was on the point of going home again, when his steps were arrested by a gruff voice demanding, what, in the name of the devil, he wanted there.

Having mildly reproved the profanity of the speaker by a gentle wave of his uplifted hand and a low and cautious "Hush!" the reverend gentleman exclaimed: "Good morning, Mr. Pendlebury; so you have had a letter from your brother at last, I hear."

"Suppose I had?"

"Well, I am glad to hear it—and that he was doing well."

"Well enough."

"What part of America has he settled in?"

"I dunno."

"Don't know! why, I understand that you had had a letter from him."

"So I had," impatiently.

"I suppose it went to Lisburn."

"Ugh!"

"Did it!"

"To be sure it did."

"But I think neither you nor your wife are scholars."

"You never spoke a truer word in your life."

"I suppose you got some one to read the letter for you?"

"Ugh!"

"Or perhaps it has not been read yet, which is the reason you cannot tell me your brother's address?"

"It has been read; a friend at Lisburn read it to me and the missus; but I lit my pipe with it, and disremember the address."

As the rector became more pressing in his inquiries, Mr. Pendlebury, probably feeling the necessity of not exasperating the reverend gentleman, became more explicit and also more civil in his replies.

"Did you answer your brother's letter?"

"I did that; the same man that read it wrote an answer for me."

"May I ask your friend's name?"

"I dunno, your reverence; it was a stranger, and I dunno his name at all. Howsoever, maybe the missus 'ill remember, and if she does I'll send you the address."

"Well, good morning, Mr. Pendlebury."

"Morning to you."

The rector was silenced, but not convinced, and next paid a visit to the neighbour who, it was understood, had heard Edward Pendlebury express his intention of shortly emigrating to America,

"I did, your reverence, sure enough," replied the neighbour in answer to the clergyman's inquiry: "he told me with his own mouth."

"Was anyone by?" further inquired the rector.

"Sure enough, your reverence, Anne Jane was standing the other side of the hedge."

"And heard what you were both talking about?"

"Sure she must, your reverence, barrin' she was stone deaf, which she isn't."

"Hum! well, thank you, Huitt, good morning! Stop, did you ask him when he proposed starting?"

"No, bedad, your reverence, I didn't."

"Nor what means he had of getting there?"

"Not a ha'porth; I wished him luck, and just then the pigs broke loose, and he rushed off to hurrish them out of the cabbages."

"After all, what right had he," mused the rector, "to suspect people, and think that the absent man had been the victim of foul play? It was true that the brothers were not friendly, but they had had no open quarrel, and Thomas's story was, after all, probably correct."

Years passed on, and Thomas Pendlebury and his wife grew poorer and more squalid every day; they had no family, and

seldom, or never, moved out of their holding, which yearly produced more thistles and poorer corn, and potatoes, and flax, until it became a nuisance to the farmers of the neighbourhood, who could not keep their fields clear in consequence of the seeds of noxious weeds wafted by every breeze out of the fallow or miserably cultivated ground of the twelve-acre holding.

Sir Thomas Benson, the lord of the adjacent manor, offered more than once to buy the freehold at almost twice as much as it was worth; but Thomas, who stated that he had bought his brother's share from him when he emigrated, absolutely refused to sell his property.

"You hav'n't chick or child," argued the squire's bailiff.

"True, for you, and more's the pity; but the Missus has a sister's son in Lurgan, and he's to have it all when—— when——"

Thomas whinced, and could not bring himself to determine the period when the last of the Pendlebury acres must pass to an owner bearing another name.

In process of time Anne Jane died and made no sign; and contrary to general opinion of what should have been done, was interred in the village churchyard by the rector himself, who "committed her body to the dust"—"in sure and certain hope,' as he would have done the most devout person amongst his parishoners, though she was popularly believed to be a Papist, and altogether undeserving of Christian burial; they had not yet learned to be tolerant at Carnalbanagh.

As years passed on, most of the contemporaries of the brothers Pendlebury passed away, and amongst them the worthy rector who for nearly fifty years had ministered among them—to their poor mortal bodies, as well as to their immortal souls—and I, his unworthy successor, was appointed to occupy his place—fill it I never could in the estimation of most of the inhabitants.

Be that as it may, however, I have tried to do my duty by them, and the issue is in higher hands than theirs or mine.

A few months since I was sent for in a great hurry, between nine and ten o'clock, to visit Thomas Pendlebury, who, the messenger said, was sinking fast.

I was well acquainted by sight with the wretched cabin where he lived, and had once attempted to enter it, but was rudely prevented from doing so by the owner, who dared me, in no civil or even decent language, to darken his doors again.

"Who is it that has sent for me?" I inquired of the messenger.

"Mr. Pendlebury himself, your reverence."

"Very well, I shall follow you directly."

I merely stayed to put on my boots and great coat, and reached the miserable hovel, scarcely fit for the habitation of pigs, almost as soon as the messenger who had summoned me to the bed-side of the dying man.

My worthy fellow-labourer, the parish doctor, was just upon the point of stepping out when I reached the door: "How is the old man?" I asked.

The doctor shook his head: "He has not got long to liv now."

"What is his complaint?"

"Old age, privation, dirt, and something preying on his mind."

We shook hands and parted; the doctor mounted his horse and rode off to see some other patients; I entered the hut, stepping into a puddle of dirty water just inside the door, over which the thatched roof had partly given way, and admitted the rain. A most disgusting odour was exhaled from the unwholesome accumulation of every description of filth within the building.

A huge turf fire glowed on the hearth, and aggravated the unpleasantness of the place, by so filling it with pungent peat-smoke, that it was not without difficulty I made my way to the bed-side where the old man reclined, propped up by bags of chaff in lieu of pillows.

He was breathing with difficulty, and moaning in a most distressing manner. His wife's nephew was trying to give him a little whiskey from a broken cup, and a neighbouring woman was chafing his feet, which were already seized by the chill hand of death.

The bed whereon the old man was lying was a wretched affair, the rickety remains of a four-poster of no small pretensions, and of undoubted age, not to say antiquity, but in so shaky a condition that a slight push must have caused it to fall in pieces all at once, like the famous "one hoss shay."

A chest of drawers, also very old, and made of some black wood, a table of similar material, and the remains of two very ancient chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment.

The bed-clothes consisted of sacks and half-rotten matting, and a dozen or so of fowls were roosting on the foot rail of the bed; while a goat reposed under the table, and a donkey was munching some prickly hay in a corner.

As soon as the old man perceived me, he cried out, in so loud a voice that I was quite startled: "L'ave me, every one; I've got a word to spake to that man."

In a moment the cabin was vacated by all the visitors, who, vulture-like, though doubtless actuated by different motives, had

gathered round the dying bed, and I was left alone with my penitent, for such I supposed he was about to be.

"Now then," he gasped, "sit you down; you're the first of your sort has ever darkened this door."

Here he coughed violently, and as soon as the fit had subsided, resumed: "The doctor tells me, bad luck to him!—what good is the likes of him, at all?—that I'm—that I'm dyin'; and I'm somewhat of the same opinion myself."

"I believe," I commenced, as he paused for breath, "that you are very ill."

He snapped me up directly. "Never mind what you believe, or don't believe; listen to me. It isn't on my account I'm goin' to spake."

Another fit of severe coughing interrupted him for some seconds, when he resumed, though in a lower and more feeble tone: "I couldn't pacify her no other way, barrin' I'd a knocked her on the head, and two's too many for me."

Here he coughed again, so violently that when the paroxysm had subsided he appeared to me to have passed away. He rallied again, however, in a minute or two, and continued:

"For my own part I don't care a button; I aint such a fool as to suppose that a long life—and I'm over seventy-five years of age—a long life of wickedness can be atoned for by making a poor face, and saying a few prayers when it comes to the last, or near about it. No; I ain't such a fool as all that. I didn't mean to say a word about it to anyone; but she come to me last night, and she said to me, sez she, standing just there where you're sitting, sez she: "Thomas, mind you make a clean breast of it, for it's in torment I am, and the place is waiting for you, too; but confession, I'm told, will make a difference, and I've got lave to come and tell you." With that she disappeared, and I disremember anything more until the neighbour woman come in and made me a cup of tay."

Utterly exhausted, the old man paused, gasped for breath, and motioned to me to give him something to drink.

I held a cup of cold tea to his lips, which he just moistened with the uninviting fluid, and pushed my hand away from him.

He then closed his eyes, and lay so perfectly still, I thought he was really dead; but no, he still breathed, and appearing to be conscious, I spoke to him in an undertone such words of comfort for one in his condition as occurred to me at the time, but he seemed to take no heed.

Presently, however, he rallied again, and exclaimed, coughing with almost every word: "Stop your preaching! I don't want to tell you till the last minute, for you might have me took up and dragged off to Downpatrick jail."

I hastened to assure him that his fears on this head were groundless for no matter what crime he might have committed, he would not be removed from his cabin in his then condition.

He coughed again, but made no remark for some minutes during which I prayed in silence by his bed; and presently he began to speak, but in a strangely altered sepulchral tone of voice.

"There she is again! All right, Anne Jane, all right, girl; I am a going to tell him. I am—it's all right, I tell you."

As he spoke he fixed his eyes on some object on a level with my head, and behind where I was sitting. I am not superstitious, but an uneasy feeling crept over me, and I hastily turned round; but there was nothing to be seen except the smoke-stained wall of the cabin, dimly visible through the thick peat vapour that filled the place.

For a few seconds he continued to gaze steadfastly in the same direction, then his eyes moved as if he were following the steps of some person walking in the room; at last he fixed them on the foot of his bed, or on some object which he fancied was standing there.

His jaw dropped, and an expression of ghastly terror overspread his wrinkled and dirt-begrimed countenance.

"Are you there, too?" he exclaimed, in evident fear and terror; "you, too!—Well, I'm a-going to tell all, I am—don't stare at me like that! Anne Jane, get you before him; you know it was you, that—well, I will tell him: I will—"

Then turning to me, he continued:—

"You must know, we always hated each other, him and me, and worse as we grew older; and that day we had a heavy quarrel, and Anne Jane, she heard him tell Tom Logan he'd go to Amerikay, and she come and she told me, and she said, she did: 'It's a good chance, Tom, and if I was you I'd let them think he went across the say, but I'd make him stay here, quiet, I would.'"

The old man's eyes turned again on me, or rather on the object he appeared to see just behind me, and addressing whatever he saw, or fancied he saw, continued: "You know you did, Anne Jane, and ye can't deny it—Well, that night when he was asleep, we both crept into his place, and while she held the light, I——"

Here the old man paused, and shivered, a thick moisture of death broke out on his face, which turned a purple hue, and his voice became inaudible, though his lips moved as if he were still speaking, or trying to speak.

Deeply interested, I held my ear close to the blue moving lips, in spite of the horrible fætor that exhaled from the parched and feverish mouth and gums, but the only words I could catch were "spade"—"boil"—"pigs"—"bones"—"floor."

A strong convulsion shook the old man's frame, and the spirit passed away to meet its doom; I was alone with the dead, and I shuddered.

Such a death! happily I have not seen many such; no repentance, no hope.

I stepped to the door, and calling in the neighbours who were waiting for the end of my interview with the old man, I left them with the corpse, and wended my way homewards, full of sad and perplexing thoughts.

Edward Pendlebury had been murdered, there was no doubt; murdered by his brother and sister-in-law, who had appropriated his property, and spread the report of his emigration.

Could it be possible that the muttered, unconnected last words of the old man indicated the disposal of the body? Horrible!

Could a brother give a brother's flesh, which, with his own hand he had deprived of life, to his pigs for food? It seemed impossible; and yet—?

After considerable thought and uncertainty, I arrived at the conclusion that, under the circumstances, I had better keep my own counsel, and not impart to any one the nature of the confession made to me by the dying man; he was no favourite in the neighbourhood. Why should I exasperate my parishioners by imparting to them a knowledge of his crime? he would not be allowed to mingle his dust with that of their relatives in the village churchyard, and unseemly riots might take place at the funeral, if the truth were known.

No; silence is golden; I held my peace, and he was buried by the side of his wife—but not by me. Call me bigot, if you will; but, after what I had heard, I could not bring myself to read the Church's service for the dead over the remains of the impenitent, miserable sinner.

I wrote to a friend in Belfast, begging him to send for me on the day appointed for the funeral. He complied with my wishes and the Presbyterian minister kindly officiated at the grave in my stead.

The property, I have said, was left to a sister's son of Anne Jane Pendlebury, *née* Lavery, a thriving shopkeeper in Lurgan, who sold the wretched twelve acres to Sir Robert Benson, much to the contentment of the neighbouring farmers, his tenants, to one of whom he let it for a term of years at a very reduced rate.

The miserable cabin was knocked down, and the plough passed over its site, when a discovery was made that confirmed my worst suspicions, and almost provoked the villagers into scattering the ashes of the criminal husband and wife to the winds.

Under the floor of that portion of the cabin which had been

eded to the younger brother, and which was separated from the part occupied by Thomas and his wife by a thick turf partition which had never been removed until the hovel was pulled down, were found a number of human bones, many of them broken by an axe or some sharp instrument, and some bearing, quite distinctly, the marks of having been gnawed by some animal; and the doctor, to whom they were submitted for examination, declared that they had certainly been *cooked*.

There was no room for doubt in the matter; Edward Pendlebury, whom a generation of villagers had believed to be a thriving farmer in America, had been murdered by his brother and sister-in-law, who cut his body into pieces, gave the flesh for food to their pigs, and buried the mangled bones under the floor of his own cabin.

W. T. G.

A WAGER; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART I.

"My dear Lady Ruby, you astonish me! Can an opinion so radical emanate from lips so conservative? Had the firm in which I am a sleeping partner now, or Emralson here, denounced the Royal Academy in terms one half as forcible as these, it would have been Lady Ruby from whom I should have immediately awaited the foremost burst of indignation, remonstrance, and scorn!" said the pompous millionaire.

"A beautiful bouquet of words, Mr. Brilliant! Allow me to select just one posy from it. I will not be so avaricious as to think of accepting more. In what sense am I to take your assertion that my lips are 'so conservative?'"

"Can 'posy' and 'poser' be synomymous terms?" inquired Mr. Emralson, aside, of his companion.

"Have patience and perseverance—wait and see," said Miss Versleigh.

"In what sense, Lady Ruby? I see and intend only one; but if the adjective be objectionable, I at once withdrawn it—substituting orthodox."

"Orthodox!—Eunice!—Mr. Emralson!—I appeal to you! Can the imagination conceive a more monstrous phrase than 'orthodox lips?' Oh! Mr. Brilliant, Mr. Brilliant! You'l either ruin my complacent opinion of myself, or create in me an evil opinion of you!"

"Are you reasonable, then, Mr. Brilliant, to expect orthodoxy in one whose opinions you are rendering unsound?" said Miss Versleigh.

"Ladies, I protest against this! Don't misunderstand me. I am no quibbler. In the opinion of the firm in which I am a sleeping partner, one meaning is quite enough for a word, and one good, plain, downright meaning is all I give to my words."

"We may contradict the rumour that Brilliant aspires to diplomacy, you see, Lady Ruby," interjected Emralson.

"In adverting to Lady Ruby's lips as conservative and orthodox, I spoke figuratively. I referred, purely and simply, to her language. But that her ladyship may know I thoroughly comprehend upon whom the blame should fall, I abjectly apologise to her and the surrounding objects for the use of expressions liable to miscon——"

"Surrounding *objects*, Mr. Brilliant," cried Miss Versleigh, "are no scarecrows!"

"Pardon me; my awkwardness again! The praise bestowed by Lady Ruby on the painting must have been running in my mind; the baronet's face has so meek, so touching an expression, that it seems as if apologising to the surrounding objects for its superior beauty."

"Now, Mr. Emralson, was not my remark thoroughly just?"

"More than that, Lady Ruby; it was the most ideal expression of an ideal subject that I have ever heard."

"It is my distinguished honour, Mr. Emralson, to thank you for nothing. By-the-bye, Eunice, you did not give us a single opinion on the work?"

"Nobody asked me for one; but I was as charmed with it as you were, Ruby. I could have sat before it for hours," added Miss Versleigh, dreamily.

"So could I, Miss Versleigh, provided with an unlimited supply of Sterne, hock, cigarettes, and easy couch," said Emralson.

"I thought you had resolved to relinquish those lazy habits of yours until your entrance into the married state, Mr. Emralson?"

"Would not that be tantamount to resigning them altogether, Lady Ruby? Surely you do not expect a hard, hollow man of the world like myself, to marry?"

"Sweet, indeed, are the benefits of self-depreciation!" cried Lady Ruby.

"I wonder who of this quartette will be the first to relinquish single life?" said Miss Versleigh, in her former dreamy tone. "Not I," with an imperceptible cry.

"Not I!" said Emralson, with a laugh.

"Not I," said Brilliant, seriously.

"Not I, my speculative cousin," said Lady Ruby, gaily. "I don't see any fun at all in being married. Single life is too awfully jolly to be abandoned easily! I'll commence to think about wedding in five or six years' time!"

"I am afraid you do not realise the hard work that resolutions will entail, Lady Ruby!" said Emralson, shaking his head safely. "You'll have to maintain a staff of aides-de-camp to convey your refusal!"

"Again it is my distinguished honour, Mr. Emralson, to thank you for nothing!"

"Lady Ruby," cried Mr. Brilliant, "you impel me to a great and glorious action. I'll lay a wager with you. I will stake the picture you have admired so to-day to a kiss, that you will be at this home, four o'clock, on this day two years hence, a married woman!"

"I hasten to accept it, Mr. Brilliant; it is so delightfully one-sided; whether I win or not, I gain!"

"Your ladyships compliment storms the inmost recesses of my heart!"

"I never *could* understand these betting complications, Mr. Brilliant," said Miss Versleigh, with more interest than she had yet shown. "Let me see—Ruby guarantees if she is married in two years' time to give you a kiss; you guarantee, if she is not, to give her the picture,—is that it?"

"You have stated the case precisely, Miss Versleigh."

"How good! Of course, the kiss must be given publicly before society at large, assembled for the spectacle!"

"Shall I hold the stakes, Lady Ruby?" inquired Emralson.

"In other words, shall you hold the picture and the kiss?—thank you, no. If any one must, Eunice will be stakeholder."

"Indeed, I won't! that's simply a disgraceful attempt to shift the burden of payment in the event of your losing to my shoulders."

"Indeed; do you embrace with your shoulders, Eunice, those snowy avalanches."

"You must each hold your own stakes. I am sure Mr. Brilliant would demur to receiving the embrace from Mr. Emralson, and that Ruby would refuse to give it to me."

"Why, Eunice, you talk as if it were settled I would lose! Mr. Brilliant, you had better procure the painting and let me hang it there; would it not look lovely in that light?"

"I will do so at once, Lady Ruby; not that I have any misgivings as to the result, but it is a rule with the firm in which I am a sleeping partner to be prepared for every emergency."

"What a study your husband's face will be during the ceremony, Ruby!"

"Mind he doesn't thrash yon afterwards, Brilliant," said Emralson.

Mr. Brilliant laughed. "Nothing, I think, was said about making a ceremonyof it, Lady Ruby."

"Now, in my opinion, the wager itself will be a most effectual aid to me in winning; for what man would marry one with the knowledge that he will have to submit to such a ceremony?"

Mr. Brilliant laughed again. "You are determined that it shall be a ceremony, then, Lady Ruby. To my taste, these things seem so much better done quietly; but events mould their own details; discussing the particulars of this at so early a date is useless."

"By-the-bye, Eunice," said Lady Ruby to her cousin, who had resumed her former languor, "talking of ceremonies, we promished to show the gentlemen the latest addition to our collection. Shall we do so now?"

The gentlemen murmured assent.

"Will you excuse me, please," said Eunice. "I feel so tired, that I shudder at the idea of promenading those galleries and stairs."

"My dear Miss Versleigh, sorry as we are to——"

"Now, Mr. Emralson," said Eunice, raising a warning finger. Emralson laughingly retreated. Two minutes afterwards, a servant announced that a gentleman was awaiting her in an inner room.

The visitor, as she entered, took her hand with a gesture that was in itself most eloquent greeting.

"I come, Eunice, to tell that you my work is now hanging in the Gallery of Rejected Artists. The disappointment was bitter, the more so as more than one of forty representatives of art have space allotted for as many as twelve and thirteen productions each. They went to rest that night probably well satisfied with their mighty efforts in the cause. But painters are not the only martyrs to this sort of treatment. In every other country some compensation is given to those who toil in the noblest paths of life; here, justice, fame and fortune, are reserved for the dealers."

"My poor Hugh! who will say now that he cannot be impatient? Does he remember the day he first met me, I wonder?"

"How can you ask, Eunice? I will paint the scene some day, to show you how thoroughly I treasure every detail."

"O, do! The lovely Devonshire vale and hills, the graceful sunrise, the gentle stream——"

"The angry dog, the frightened beauty, and the fortunate artist!" laughed Hugh Perleton. "Fortunate? No! The last term to apply to me!"

"But you saved my life"—A pause—"Hugh!—how the proud, beautiful face, softened—"are you still resolved to do us both this wrong?"

"Hush, my darling! It is no wrong. You know how little I care for the world's opinion. The whole globe might cry that I married you for your money, without provoking more from me than pity. But I *will* prove myself worthy of you, and bring you something that I can consider a slight approach to the equivalent for so much happiness. Do you not understand the feeling darling? there is nothing base or foolish in it."

"Meanwhile, the stupid, stupid boy, dooms himself, and she for whom he professes to care, to years of miserable waiting."

"It shall *not* be years, Eunice. Have you, too, no faith in me!"

"Hush—we will see. Now listen a moment. I have seen your picture; we saw it to-day. Ruby almost went into ecstacies about it and could talk of nothing but the injustice and stupidity of the

Royal Academy in rejecting it. You will, in the course of a few days receive an offer for it, which will probably take the shape of a cheque for £20, as he is as stingy as it is possible, I think, for a millionaire to be. Now listen: decline it; he will increase his offer; decline that,—in fact, refuse everything until the price reaches five thousand pounds!"

"Eunice!"

"Will you do what I tell you, sir? You are forbidden to take less than five thousand pounds for it; it is well worth it, and he can well afford it, for he——"

"Who is this mysterious 'he,' Eunice?"

"Mr. Brilliant, our guardian, the great mine-owner. He has known us since he was a youth of twenty, and we were children of ten. He *must* get your work, and you must make him give its value."

"Does he know that we are not strangers, Eunice?"

"He does not even suspect it. I had nothing at all to do with the matter. It was pure accident; more you shall hear by-and bye. You must not stay or they will notice my absence."

"How shall I repay my darling for this?"

"Mercenary Hugh! everything must be 'repaid.'"

For answer, he drew her to him after the fashion of "lovers."

"May I give her the only thing I have to give?"

"Hush, Hugh; some one is coming; do go—there—there—there!—good-bye!"

Alone, she sank into a chair. "Was ever maid so placed? Hercules' labours were child's play to this! To keep a maiden single for two whole years; the maiden being young, rich, titled, beautiful, and bewitching; in a word—Ruby! Is the thing possible? And so I, henceforth champion of the misogamists, here proclaim war to the knife on Hymen, armed to the lips with love. Fortune puts her puppets through strange antics. *Mais! Nous verrons!* A good reward creates endeavour."

"My dear Lady Ruby, the firm in which I am a sleeping partner never forgives an injury or forgets a debt."

"Ha! Miss Versleigh, you have recovered from your indisposition?"

PART II.

"But, confound it all, Emralson, the fellow must have got scent of the affair somehow! After haggling on for month after month, and refusing every offer I made him for the wretched daub, he fixes on the exorbitant sum of five thousand guineas; and, then, has the audacity to say that, if this sum is not accepted within a week, he will not sell under seven thousand pounds.

Good Heaven, Emralson! think of that! Seven thousand pounds for seven penn'orth of canvas!"

"Agnew gave more for a smaller work some time ago," said Emralson, smiling.

"But, confound it all, sir! A fellow without the ghost of a name! I was so digusted with his rapacity that I sounded Lady Ruby as to whether she would not prefer some other and better work; but she only expressed increased surprise that I was so long in getting this. Snrprise, indeed! And, then, look at that woman. There doesn't seem the faintest chance of her marriage, and here's a twelvemonth gone. She's refused about twenty splendid offers, and kept this hesitating fool, Dymonde, dangling at her heels for eight months. I never heard of such a woman! Why, d——n it, Emralson, I've introduced half the best men in London to her!"

"It's undoubtedly annoying. But you don't really suspect a secret understanding between Lady Ruby and this painter, do you?"

"Confound it all, sir! How do I know what to suspect! That bet was the worst piece of business I've ever been in. What a fool I must have been to stake a farthing on a woman's character! But who would have thought, to look at her, that she could keep single for a year! Look at her eyes, her mouth, her whole tempting form, and the thousand and one gestures that almost seem to court the touch! I thought I was as safe as the bank! *Seven thousand pounds!*"

"And yet she's hardly the sort of woman to fall in love with every handsome face she sees, Brilliant," said Emralson, controlling his laughter by almost superhuman efforts.

"No; but she's the sort of woman to make nine out of every ten men who see her fall madly in love with her. I believe I must have been smitten when I made that bet. By-the-bye, what a difference between that vivacious beauty and her cousin. Eunice Versleigh gets prouder every day."

"Ah!" said Emralson, perfectly serious now; "if Ruby has the more tempting beauty, Miss Verleigh is one of the loveliest woman nature ever created!"

"Pooh, man! I don't think so. Notice her bearing, even to us, who have known her from childhood: any other girl would entirely unbend towards such old familiar friends—one of them her guardian, too!—as Lady Ruby does. But about this wretched drawer of women and hewer of men—what would you advise me to do with him?"

Emralson laughed. "Well, I think—— Humph! here they are!"

Lady Ruby and Miss Verleigh entered. After the usual

courtesies, Miss Verleigh, addressing Mr. Brilliant, said: "I though Lord Dymonde promised to come with you."

"I am expecting him to arrive every moment, Miss Verleigh. I do not know the reason of his unpunctuality." Mr. Brilliant had not quite recovered his equanimity.

"I should not be very sorry if he did not come at all. He is so tiresome, and it would be so like one of the old days," said Lady Ruby.

"O Ruby, Ruby! how hard you are to please. No girl could picture a better husband than he will make," exclaimed Miss Versleigh.

"Odds bodkins, Eunice! I will make him over to you with infinite delight, if you choose."

"Thanks, Ruby. If I wanted him I'd take him without the least ceremony."

"You see, I'm so afraid he'd want me to train for the bicycle championship, or something of that sort."

"Perhaps Lady Ruby intends keeping him at an enchantment-lending distance until she has won her wager?"

"You have hit it, Mr. Brilliant. That is the reason."

"Fie, fie, Lady Ruby!" cried Emralson. "Can you be a daughter of Eve that you care more for a sheet of framed canvas than for a man of flesh and blood?"

"A man of bone and muscle, you mean, don't you? Do you not know by this time that I am all soul, Mr. Emralson."

The incongruity of the idea tickled even the pompously playful Brilliant.

"That you are an angel, I grant, Lady Ruby. But surely you are mortal enough to have, or to hope some day to have, a preference?"

"I love everybody but my friends. All men are darlings until you know them."

"And this from a young lady who is all soul! Our angel says, Miss Versleigh, that a man is *au fond*, always worthless, and often worse?"

"Abominable angel!" ejaculated Brilliant.

"Ingeniously turned, Mr. Emralson. I meant nothing of the sort—did your conscience prick you?"

"Are you of this angelic creed, Miss Versleigh?" demanded Brilliant.

"I? I think very meanly of all men who are not my friends."

"Diabolical!" cried Brilliant.

"I had no idea that the confession would sting you, Mr. Brilliant. What has he done that he counts himself among

those I think meanly of, Mr. Emralson?" exclaimed Miss Versleigh, not quite unconscious, perhaps, of the home-thrust she was dealing.

"Not the faintest notion, Miss Versleigh, unless it be that he has perceived a likeness between your creed and that of the blackly-painted gentleman."

"There's only one step from the sublime to the hideous, Mr. Brilliant; and, if this is so, you have taken it."

"Emralson has, Miss Versleigh. I only opposed your creed on the grounds of common humanity. No ordinary man likes to be thought meanly of; and a creed that prevents a man from being thought what he chooses to be thought, is, on the broad grounds of common humanity, diabolical."

"How grand is the philosophy you teach us, Mr. Brilliant!" exclaimed Lady Ruby.

"How thoroughly Gladstonian are the views you hold, Brilliant!" added Emralson.

"How angelically misrepresenting you are, altogether, Mr. Brilliant!" cried Miss Versleigh.

"Ah! here's Dymond!" exclaimed Emralson.

"How'd do, Lady Ruby? How'd do, Miss Versleigh? How'd do, Brilliant? How'd do, Emralson? Awfully sorry, Lady Ruby; I've come as hard as I could pelt from an interview with the old codger; awful fellow for keeping a fellow!"

Lady Ruby's puzzled look requested an explanation. Lord Dymonde explained.

"The governor wants me to give up rowing, and racing, and that sort of thing, and go in for—what the deuce does he call it—a parliamentary career. I told him I was afraid I should turn the House into a smoking-saloon and running ground in three months. The poor old bloke turned rusty, went on no end about the 'present generation.' Ah, did you hear of that performance of Hare's, Lady Ruby? 31¾ seconds—tall form!"

"I think you are hardly right, my lord; a parliamentary life would exactly suit your abilities," said her ladyship, smiling viciously. "A man of your position in the arena of brute force could not fail to do unheard-of things in that of public debate."

"Lord Dymonde looked as if he would have understood Greek better."

"Your drift, Ruby? The conversation is getting profound."

"Do you wish to become great, Mr. Brilliant? It is simple. When your friend misses the truth, call him 'a lion,' playfully—that shows wit, and will raise roars of laughter. When he runs a mile a minute, swear 'by George, that licks the best time on record!'—this show knowledge and inspires respect. Run two

miles in a minute, yourself, as soon as possible, afterwards—this shows your superiority, and creates reverence. Drink beer by the 'pot,' talk solely of athletics, sport, and slang; be surly and blunt to ladies; cultivate a dull, impenetrable stare; entertain a well-merited contempt for art, science, and every branch of learning, and employ your whole youth in increasing the size of your biceps. Excel in these things, and greatness, in this generation, is achieved."

Lord Dymonde remarked: "Yes; fancy, Brilliant in that style!"

"Why, Ruby; your sweetness turning bitter? Satire is an easy *metier*, and catching. Let me see what I can do. You think, Lord Dymonde, that man has the better existence? Ah, you do not know! Come, be a woman!—"

"Had we not best go at once?" interrupted Lady Ruby. "I surrender, Eunice, at discretion."

"Do you remember," cried Eunice, still laughing, "this same day, twelve months ago, Mr. Brilliant? We were going to the Exhibition of Rejected Artists—not to the Academy, then."

"Yes, yes!" cried her ladyship; "can you contrive to make another wager of the same kind, Mr. Brilliant, if I select another work for my especial favour?"

"Ruby wants to make the ceremony an annual affair, you see, Mr. Brilliant," exclaimed Eunice.

"Or to enlarge her collection with economy," said Emralson.

"Perhaps, *pour encourager les autres?*" suggested Lady Ruby herself, with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

Mr. Brilliant had recovered his breath by this time: "Will it please you to go, ladies?" cried he, holding open the door.

"They are trying to make fun of you, aren't they, Lady Ruby?" askd Lord Dymonde, as the others laughingly rose.

"Are they, Lord Dymonde? What a waste of time!"

"By Jove! But what was the wager you wanted Brilliant to make? Perhaps I could be of service?"

"No, thank you, Lord Dymonde. But I will give you the whole history as we go along."

. . . . . .

Later on in the same day Mr. Hugh Perleton was announced.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Brilliant, turning to Lady Ruby, "the painter of your picture."

"Indeed!" cried her ladyship, "I am delighted. I am quite sure he is a genius, you know."

Mr. Perleton here entering, Mr. Brilliant formerly introduced him to the ladies; and in a few minutes Lady Ruby was describing, with the charming animation of a well-bred woman, her last year's

visit to the Gallery of Rejected Paintings, concluding with the remark that she had that morning, with great pleasure, seen a work of his in this year's Academy Exhibition.

Mr. Perleton returned a suitable reply, and at this point, greatly to Miss Verleigh's surprise, Mr. Brilliant requested the favour of Lady Ruby's attention on a pressing matter. Accordingly, Lady Ruby followed him from the room.

Eunice advanced, "Has he accepted it?" she asked, quietly.

"No," replied Hugh Perleton, smiling.

"You see, Hugh," she went on, "this is giving him many extra chances to see the true state of affairs. I should be not at all surprised to hear that he and Lady Ruby were engaged before the end of the season. But he is so blind. He introduces fellows innumerable to her, and gets angry when she treats them coldly, and yet cannot see who it is she loves all the time! She hardly knows whether to be amused or displeased."

"But are you certain that Brilliant himself will never reciprocate her feelings sufficiently to discover this, Eunice?"

"He admires her more than any woman he knows, and loves her as much as he is likely to love any woman. That is evident; more Cupid himself could not tell you. Mr. Brilliant invited you to dine with us, I suppose? You are honoured, I can assure you; for we meet 'en famille' to-day."

Mr. Brilliant entered the room. Advancing to Hugh Perleton, he said: "I accept your price, sir; here is a cheque for the amount. Oh! that consummate idiot of a Dymonde!"

PART III.

"I HAVE fairly won, Lady Ruby. Now for your stake; you insisted upon its being a public spectacle, you know."

"Oh! that is soon done, sir," cried Lady Ruby, holding up her face with all her old saucy way. "There! Eunice, was my husband's face a study?"

"Am I to thrash myself afterwards, Emralson!" laughed Brilliant.

"But I am consoled by a glance at a certain picture by one of our most promising young artists, and which, I think, was the stake I was to win," said Lady Ruby.

"Ah! by-the-bye, Perleton, I was offered six thousand guineas for that, yesterday. I told the noble lord my wife would not part with it for sixty thousand, but I would try and arrange the matter for him for that sum."

"What was his reply, Mr. Brilliant?" asked Hugh Perleton's bride.

"Laughed, and said that he would be the last man to create dissension between a newly-married couple."

"When did you return from the honeymoon, Perleton?" asked Emralson.

"This morning; I think Eunice was as sorry as I to leave the sunny south."

"Then you don't know the news, Perleton? Dymonde has got over my asking him to be best man, and is a candidate for the county of Dymondeshire."

"Dear fellow!" said Lady Ruby. "Then I don't think any one has cause to complain of our wager and what came of it."

D. J. Curry.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

We believe it was Mr. Robert Browning who described the modern French novel as a work printed on grey paper with blunt type. There are those, however, who know better; that putting aside the freedom of inuendo, the lax morality, the occasional false positions, and the often still more objectional plots, there is much that is amusing, always something clever, and generally much that is thoroughly artistic, in your true Parisian novel. Of all sensational things in such a world, the so-called "Conversion of Paul Féval" has been the most sensational. He has published his "*Etapes d'une Conversion*" (Palmé, Paris, three fr.) "Farewell," exclaimed many, "to his liveliness and his gaiety!" Not at all; he is the same as ever, only his exuberant spirits are tamed down by real emotion, and his picturesque style is simply disembarrassed of the tangle and briars that hitherto encumbered it. Nothing can be more touching than this episode in the autobiography of a quondam sceptic. So sincere is the author in his conversion, that he has issued a new edition of all his works from which everything that seems to be reprehensible has been carefully expunged. The works of one of the most clever and amusing of modern French novelists can now be perused by the most fastidious. The "*Contes de Bretagne*," with the mysticism of the age of stone monuments; *La Belle-Etoile*, region of dolmens and gnarled oaks, but in the middle ages; the "*Fée des Grèves*," "*L'Homme de Fer*" "*Chateaupauvre*," are all as illustrative of Brittany as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," are of the country of Harun al Rashid; and they constitute the most delightful reading that it is possible to conceive. As much can scarcely be said of "*Frère Tranquille*" and "*Le Dernier Chevalier*." The writter positively surfeits the reader, with fights, duels, ambuscades, and complicated plots, in the one; and the other errs in the reverse, in being more historical than romantic. "*La Reine des Epées*" is the only novel that has not yet been revised, but it could be easily rendered worthy of the "*Fée des Grèves*."

Nothing more difficult than the historical novel. The writer has to solve the problem of exciting interest without being untrue, and few extricate themselves from the dilemma—intact. "*La Première tache de Sang*" (A. Labutte-Dillet, Paris, two francs) is a story relating the circumstance which led to the condemnation and edueation of Don Fernand, accused of the intended assassination of his brother, King John of Portugal. The heroine, Maria Stella Mendoça, is a great relief to the company of ruffianly personages, by whom the plot is surrounded.

"*Les Causes sacrées le Roi*," by Raoul de Navery (Téqui, Paris, two vols., four francs), is a Catholic title given to a romance of the times of Charles the First and the Long Parliament. There are twelve heroes, sons of Fin-Barr, a chief of his tribe, and Jenny O Connor, descendants of the kings of Erin, who figure largely in this strange romance, which is anything but historical, and of which Henrietta Maria, being French, is made the real heroine.

"*L'Affiquet de la Marquise*," by A. de Barthélemy (J. Fechoz, Paris, two francs, 50 centimes), deals with the reign of terror, an epoch in which almost superhuman virtues were aroused, from the mere fact of their having to combat atrocious crimes committed in the name of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The story is well worth perusal. Two other novels belong to the same epoch. One "*Marcie*," by Charles du Boishamon (Téqui, Paris, two francs), relates the story of two ladies, whose chateau a republican seeks to obtain possession of by marriage or any other conceivable means, criminal or otherwise; the second, "*Le Secret du Château Rocnoir*," by J. Gondry du Jardinet (Paris, two francs), is a story of a similar kind, in which a faithless steward turns against his master, and obtains possession of his property but poetical justice instinctly overtakes the republican miscreant.

"*Pour la Patrie*," by Etienne Marcel (Ch. Bleriot, Paris, two francs), is a story of the Polish insurrection, in which are depicted the dreamy indecision of Thaddeus Osiersko, the inconsiderate energy of Witold Turno, the treachery of gipsies, and a widow's mournings over an early grave. "*La Foi Jurée*," by Madame de Navery (Ch. Bleriot, Paris, two francs), is better, but altogether out of date. The skipper of a merchantman taken captive by Corsairs, allowed by a benevolent Turk to return to Marseilles upon his simple word of honour that he would come back in six months to convert the family to Christianity, is a story of the past, not the present age, and that is still more the case with the same author's "*Héritiers de Judas*" (Ch. Bleriot, three francs fifty centimes), in which we have the Arabian legend of the purchase of the field of Aceldama and the fatal legacy of the thirty pieces, traced down to one Ephraim, who in the nineteenth century wished to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. The pious legend (no doubt to be continued in another volume), is enlivened by the successful struggles of Coelio, his good dog Morse, and the faithful black, Pampy, against a certain Jude Malœuvre, who, as his name intimates, is given to evil deeds of the worst kind. "*L' Honneur du Nom*," by Charles Buet (Thomas Olmer, Paris, three francs), is another, as yet, incomplete story. The noble family of *Vigord de Hauteluce* (*vigor atque lux ab alto*) is repre-

sented by two sons—one is a bad man, who under the name of Anthelme Rochey, and secreted in the ruins of the castle of Miolans, is affiliated with the Illuminati of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy, the Communeros of Spain, the *Whithe*-boys of Ireland, the Neo-templars, and actually the Freemasons. The other is a good man and a priest, and there are many other interesting personages, who play a part in a moving drama, the best portions of which are scenic descriptions of the ruins on the Alps, tenanted by the mystic conspirator, the golden mountains of Chantagne, the hills of Maltaverne, and the smiling valley of the Isère. As to how the honour of the Hauteluces, compromised for a time by the elder brother, is ultimately saved, we shall learn in another volume, to be entitled, "*Hauteluce et Blanchelaine*,"—Blanchelaine being the name of a youthful chevalier, and of a fair maid, Flore de Blanchelaine, who figure largely in the first instalment of the story.

A tale by the celebrated Louis Venillot, "*Corbin et d'Aubecourt*" (Palmé, Paris, three francs), written to prove that Ultramontanism was not inconsistent with romancing (who ever doubted it?), has gone through two editions. The gist of the story lies in the preference given by the niece of the proud Marquise d' Aubecourt to a simple but pious Egyptologist, Germain Darcet, over the head of an empty-pated and worldly Marquis, *De Sauvoterre*. The arguments and the incidents by which it is made clear that it is better to wed a poor but intellectual and pious young gentleman, than a rich but dissipated and indifferent nobleman, can be anticipated by all. Unfortunately no one acts by such "goody" lessons. "*Les Ronces du Chemin*," by Claire de Chandeneux (Ch. Bleriot, Paris, two francs), is another story having a religious object in view, yet essentially French in its details. The heroine, Thérésine Saint-Brisson, adopted by the Baronne d' Aubray, loves her protectress, and her mother-in-law seeks to pervert her charms into profitable, if impure, uses; but Thérésine is saved from the pit-falls cast in her way, and religion restores her to the pleasures and safety of a virtuous domesticity.

"*Sabine de Rivas*," by M Maréchal (Ch. Bleriot, Paris, two francs), is the old story of an orphan adopted by a wealthy provincial family, who, after many trials, weds the son of the family. There is not much novelty in this; but the details of the pretentious life of a family so circumstanced and so situated, are given with wonderful minuteness and much graphic power.

Madame Guerrier de Haupt has ventured in her "*Jacques Bernard* (Oudin, Poitiers, two francs), into the domain hitherto occupied by the incomparable Gaboriau, Ponson de Terrail, and Zaccone—the story of a child stolen from its parents and brought

up among thieves, swindlers, and highwaymen, as Blanche Muller; but restored to her original name, Blanche d'Ortigny, and to respectability and happiness: has one advantage, that it can be read by all those who prefer stories that are inoffensive, even if they are, in a literary point of view, insignificant, to such as are clever, pointed, and startling, but which overlook the claims of morality and good taste.

This little bit of commonplace is necessary to explain the success of "*Les Amours de Philippe*," by Octave Feuillet, (Calmann Levy, Paris, three francs fifty centimes)—a success partly due to the author's reputation as an academician and partly to his unquestionable talents; and that while in other respects the story is altogether objectionable. Philippe de Boisvilliers neglects his rustic cousin, Jeanne de la Roche-Ermel, for an actress, who plays him false, and then becomes captive to a cat-like Marquise de Talyas, who tries to drown Jeanne. The heroine is saved by Philippe, who at last comes to his senses, and abandons syrens, to dwell with virtuous simplicity and honesty. This is a step in advance of "*Monsieur de Camors*," and "*Julia de Trécœur;*" but with Octave Feuillet success lies neither in plot nor plan—execution is everything. No matter how inconsequent, how reprehensible, the actions of his personages may be, they never lose their life-like attributes. If of the feline tribe, their spots and bars are ever there; if of aristocratic blood, the grand air and the haughty pride dominate over even sin and folly.

"*Samuel Brohl et Co.*," by Victor Cherbuliez (Hachette, Paris, three francs fifty centimes), is, in some respects, the best work of one who has been termed in his own country "*le romancier des érudits et des gourmets.*" It belongs to the "clever" class, and that without anything reprehensible. The story, in fact, is that of the swindler son of a miserable German tavern-keeper, who, as secretary to a Roumanian princess, is educated in the vices of the "*grand monde*," as such is understood at Bucharest, counterfeits the person of a distinguished Pole, "Abel Larinski," and is ultimately on the point of marrying a Mdlle. Antoinette Moriaz, when the opportune arrival of the cynical princess in Paris tumbles down the castle of cards so carefully set up by Messrs. Brohl and Co. It is not the story so much as the characters that make the book. They are all great in their way, and yet their ways are as various as their sexes, and as charmingly diverse as could be called out of a world abounding in characters which all have not the genius to seize upon, still less the power to depict successfully.

Descended from an old Norman family, the antecedents of Daniel de Kerfons (or of Ernest Daudet) (E. Plon, Paris, two

vols., six francs), are those more or less of a Bohemian of Paris. Wedded at last to a brunette, who is anything but a domestic personage, she dies, and he returns to a blonde, who makes a much better wife, although an "*ancienne danseuse.*" Ernest takes especial pleasure in depicting what are called "*grandes dames,*" such as the Duchess of Chateaufort, Marquise de Chanzay, Lady Hackwoods, the Countess of Athol, and others; but he unfortunately also conveys the impression that they all have one foot in the *demi-monde.* The best and most life-like portrait is that of the Duke de Gramont-Caderouse, who is depicted under the pseudonym of Jacques de Chanzy. Both the Daudets seem to indulge in personalities under assumed names, which are, to say the least, very objectionable.

Première et Dernière Dette, by Madame Gabrielle d'Arvor (Tolra, Paris, one franc fifty c.), is simply the story of Roger Dublanc, who passes from evil courses to good, and of Jules Dervieux, who persists, and ends in shame and suicide.

The "*Supplice d'une Mère,*" by J. Gondry du Jardinet (Palmé, Paris, two francs fifty c.), is a kind of parody of Emile de Girardin's "*Supplice d'une Femme,*" but written from a Catholic point of view. It is proportionately tedious to read.

Le Nabab, by Alphonse Daudet (Charpentier, Paris, 3 f. 50 c.), has gone through innumerable editions: and yet the Nabob in question is no Indian prince, redolent of diamonds and precious stones. He is the son of a cobbler of the Bourg Saint-Andéol, who, from being a porter in Marseilles, becomes the customary "millionaire" at Tunis, and returning thence to "the capital of the civilised world," he is made the victim of the jackals and vultures that pullulate in the said capital, and died in poverty in a theatre once maintained at his own own expense. All this is told simply as a means to depict the said jackals and vultures of the Second Empire. Their indentity is transparent. The Duc de Mora is M. de Morny; Monpavon is M. de Montguyon; the Nabob is M. Francois Bravay; Felicia Ruys is the Duchess Colonna; M. de la Perrière is Count de Laferrière, chamberlain to Napoleon III.; and austere, irrproachable republicans delight in the frailties of humanity under an Imperial *régime,* as if nothing of the kind was possible in the present day!

There are, as we have seen, two Daudets; Alphonse has greater gifts than Ernest, but the latter is the best-informed, the most learned of the two. Ernest is not only a romancer, he is also a successful historian and political writer. His last work, "*Daniel de Kerfons*" (2 vols., E. Plon, Paris, 6 f.) is, as we have seen, in reality an autobiography, and it cannot be said to be very edifying.

"*Nouvelles et récits Villageois,*" by Jean Lander (Palmé, Paris,

two francs) is the title given to several other charming stories of rural life, in which the author has skilfully shown how much poetry there may lie hidden in humble life. The tales are to be commended in every point of view. "*Les Soirées du Château de Kerilis*," by J. de Launay-Overney (Bray and Retaux, Paris, three francs), are, at least some of them, fantastic and amusing, but by no means equal in a literary point of view to Jean Lander's village stories. Madame Julie Lavergne's "*Neiges d'Antan Legendes et Chroniques* (Palmé, Paris, three francs) excel also in the latter respect, and to those who take a pleasure in legendary stories, "*L'Hôpital de Bruges*," the "*Clocher d'Harfleur*," "*Une Nuit pendant sa Tronde*," the "*Mendicant de la Reine*," the "*Clair de la Lune*," and the "*Masque d'Or*," will afford a fund of amusement for which they will be grateful for having had their attention called.

M. Charles Canivet's "*Jean Dagoury*" (E. Plon, Paris, 3 fr.) is not a pleasant story. It is that of an orphan, who is ill-treated, but ultimately happily married, whilst her betrayer is driven to commit suicide.

"*La Veuve*," by Louis Enault (Hachette, Paris, 3 fr. 50 c.) is a work of greater pretensions in a social and moral point of view; but when we say that the heroine, Madame d'Avray, a widow, rejects M. de Kermoine to become a lady Benedictine, and that M. de Kermoine is reduced to marrying a younger and more captivating person, Mdlle. Valentin, we have said enough. Both these latter stories are, however, penned with great care and fidelity, in so far as localities—the scenery of Normandy in the one, and life in the *salons* of the aristocracy in the other—are concerned.

"*Près du Gouffre*," by Saint-Patrice (Dentu, Paris, 3 fr.) tells its story in its title. It is the history of a jealous woman, who, in the pursuit of revenge, is so nearly precipitating herself into a gulf (morally speaking) that it gives one an immoral vertigo to peruse the extremity of the danger to which she is exposed.

As to "*La Bâtarde*," by Xavier de Montépin (Dentu, Paris, 2 vols, 6 fr.), it breaks ground with a crime and a duel, followed up by adultery and death, a substitution of children, and an assassination; and at last ends with a legitimate daughter pardoning her enemies, for whom, however, there is a terrible expiation in store.

"*Le Numero II. de la Rue Mariot*," by René de Pont-Jest (Dentu, 3 fr.) is, a close imitation of Gaboriau; a supposed crime, suspicion attached to the young person, unending researches and equally numerous inbroglios by real and amateur detectives, and after all, when a man has been condemned to death, it is found out to be a case of suicide!

The author of "*Donna Maria, Chronique du temps de Philippe*

II., by L. Gambier (Dentu, Paris, 3 fr.), seems, in seeking for a murderer of William the Taciturn, to have followed Victorien Sardou, in his drama "La Patrie;" but M. Gambier has scandalised the clerical party greatly, in tracing his pivot of action through Sainte Thérèsa, superior of the convent of San Miguel, to the dominican Timmermann and the Prince-Bishop of Cologne!

The author of "*Les Daibles de Loudun*," Jean de Poitiers (A. Ghio, Paris, 2 fr.) has no great respect for pilgrimages in modern times. His sermons are lugubriously fantastic, but his historical pretensions are slight when he attributes the execution of Urbain Grandier to Richelieu, although the clerical party may have had something to do with it. Those who condemned him believed in the reality of demoniacal possession, as in the case of Jean d'Arques, and the legitimacy of legal punishment for such was at that time admitted by every one.

"*Elisée, Voyage d'un Homme à la recherche de lui-même*, par Eugène Pelletan (Germer Baillière, Paris, 3 fr. 50 c.), is another work of the same stamp on the Papacy. It is a mere repetition of Edmond About's "*Question Romaine.*" As to theology, he says it is a sempstress who dresses up the Deity according to the fashion of the day. He laughs at Maria Alacoque; asserts that Marshal Brune was assassinated by Trestaillons; calls Chateaubriand "*hableur de la mélancolie;*" and describes the nobility as *une élite de coquins.*" "*Le Dégrossi, Roman Rural*," by Victor Le Febvre, Laboureur (Sandoz, Paris, 3 fr. 50 c.), is penned in the same discontented, levelling, cynical, and irreligious spirit. The author insists upon the education (?) of the working-classes, and gives as a model his "*dégrossi*"—a foundling who weds a rich peasant of Touraine. The work teems with unreasoning hatred of nobility and clergy—of everything that is in itself superior to, or more respectable than, the working man. The French are beginning to find out that even Protestantism is better than Nihilism.

It is a relief to turn from such vulgar cynicism to "*Maître Guillaume*," by Charles Deslys (Ch. Bleriot, two francs). M. Desly's idea of education is the same as that propounded by M. Roselly de Lorgues, in his "*Livre des Communes ou la Régénération de la France*," par é Mairie, la et l'Ecole. He expounds these views in the personages of the good curé, Denizet; the worthy mayor, Martin Fayolle; and the sympathetic schoolmaster, Guillaume, who work together in the amelioration and transformation of their "commune." We have got in advance of this, and deem a school and a schoolmaster to suffice for all things.

"*Pauvres et Mendiants, roman de Questions Sociales*," by G. de la Landelle (Didier, Paris, three francs 50 cents), is a work based on the idea of the rich helping and comforting the poor, reliev-

ing the destitute, and enlightening the working classes in their duties, whilst admitting their legitimate rights. A good theme for a novelette, full of estimable personages, and working in the same cause, but it is much to be regretted, of little practical application, where "legitimate rights" have usurped the place of personal respect. M. de la Landelle is more successful as a writer of sea stories. His "*Deux Croisiéres, Histoire d'une Legende Navale*" (E. Dentu, three francs) is a capital story of the struggle of the *Cleopatra* and *Uranie* against two English frigates in 1793, enlivened by life-like sketches of an honest peasantry placed in contact with sanguinary revolutionists. M. Jules Verne, the inventor, as he is termed, of "the scientific romance," is indefatigable. After his "*Indres Noires*," we have now "*Hector Servadac*" (Hetzel, Paris, two vols., seven francs), in which certain philosophers of different countries, launched into space by the destruction of the world we live in, have an excellent opportunity for discussing, amidst the fragments, learned theories on meteorological objects and cosmographical subjects.

"*L'Ame de Beethoven*," by Pierre Cœur (E. Plon, Paris, three francs), is the title given to a strange conception of a peasant of the Vosges, who, possessing musical talent, believed himself to be Beethoven, and died in an asylum of the Dôle. The fundamental object of the work is, however, evidently the study of the treatment of mortal afflictions by music. Pierre Cœur is a pseudonym for Madame de Voisins d' Ambre; ladies seem to be partial to such. We have Daniel Stern for the Countess d' Agout; George Sand for Madame Dudevant; Hortense Allart for Madame de Saman; Andreo Leo for Madame Champceix; Jean Lander for Madame Hello; Claire de Chandeneux for Emma Bailly; and Henry Greville for Madame Durand.

"*Une Rivale de Marguerite*," by le Baron de Fauconnet (Leon Ribaut, Pau., three francs), and "*Un Mélange Diabolique*," by the same (Schulz, Paris, three francs), are not first-rate stories, but that of the "*Satre Enchante*" is very funny, and is well told; and as to "*Une Cause Célèbre*," in which a Parisian doctor is made to commit a murder simply for the sake of studying the circulation of the blood, *in anima vili*, it should be read aloud at a meeting of vivisection total abolishionists. M. de Fauconnet's "*Duchesse d'Auribeau*," is the story of the beautiful Marquise de Ganges, murdered by her brother-in-law, the abbé, and the Chevalier de Ganges. The story is related in Francois de Rosset's "*Histoires Tragiques de notre Temps*," published in Lyons, 1721.

"*Contes Tristes*," by Louis Haumont (Dentu, Paris, three fr.), if not pleasantly entitled, are very justly so. The "*dernier rendez-vous* is the old tale of the pretty, laughing, industrious grisette,

and the inevitable sequence. "*La Mort de M. de Pralong*" is better. The family is predestined to a violent death in expiation of a crime committed by the head of this ancient and powerful family. M. Haumont is led into a grave literary error, however, in attempting to do away with the supernatural by mere reasoning. Edgar Poe, Ch. Nodier, Hoffmann, masters of the art of fantastic writing, would have known better.

"*Trois Contes*," by Gustave Flaubert (Charpentier, Paris, three francs 50 c.) comprises "*Un Cœur Simple, Herodias,* and *l'Histoire de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier*,"—the actual, as compared with Hebraic antiquity and the Catholic middle ages. The first is the story of a poor servant born to love some one, or something, and who, beginning with her master, passes over to domestic animals, and succumbs under a parrot. "Herodias" is a more ambitious sketch of perhaps one of the most solemn events recorded in history. It is at times essentially poetical—a grand work of art. "Saint Julien l'Hospitalier" is even still more interesting. Julian is the son of a noble and powerful house. His father teaches him the use of arms, his mother impresses upon him an early sense of religion and charity. Hunting, one day, a stag (like that of Saint Hubert), with a cross on its head, tells him that he will kill his father and mother. To avoid this he flies his country, but only to become a powerful prince, and as such to kill his parents unwittingly. Abandoning country, palace, wealth, and power, he assumes the garb of a beggar, and, in expiation of his crime, arrives at a bridgeless river, repairs an old boat, and devotes himself for years to carrying over passengers free of expense. One night a voice calls amidst a fearful tempest. Julian goes to the help. It is a repulsive-looking leper. "I am hungry," says the leper, when taken into Julian's hut. Julian lays food before him. "I am thirsty;" Julian gives him drink. "I am cold," says the leper, and Julian lays down by his side to warm him. Then the leper changes. His smile assumes a heavenly expression, his eyes beam with celestial love, and Julian is carried off to the realms above. The author tells us that this quaint story, which reminds one of the *Legende Dorée*, of Jaques de Voragine, is depicted in coloured glass, in a village church, in some remote part of the country.

THE VINTAGE OF LIFE.

RED flushed the vintage in its crystal shell,
And glittering facets flashed the crimson back,
In those old days when but to live was well,
And broad and smooth before us laid life's track.

Then trembling pendants from the chandeliers
Reflected tints which mocked a rainbow's hue,
And our bright spirits, unopprest by years,
Had they not something of enchantment too?

Nor this the least—that softly-beaming eyes,
With lucid sparkle of the lustre's rays,
Meet ours, though timid, with a sweet surprise,
And half resolved, yet feared to meet our gaze.

Now pours the purple of the grape in vain,
Though glad the glitter of its presence seems;
No joy dwells in it, but a sense of pain,
Of hopes that vanished, and of shattered dreams!

Still radiant glimmer, as they did of old,
The twin reflections of the festive flame;
But now, no longer as we once beheld,
Their hue the rainbow's, nor their light the same.

And this the worst, that love like these has died—
It wakes no tremor in the worn-out heart,
No form now lingers by our lonely side,
But all have vanished—let us quick depart!

FRANCIS H. HEMERY

BLUSHING.

WHO has not observed the beautiful and interesting phenomenon of blushing? Who, indeed, has not had exemplified in his own person, either from timidity during the sensitive days of boyhood, or from the consciousness of having erred in maturer years?

There are, perhaps, some who may be inclined to laugh at the subject of this paper. If these individuals will but reflect on the wonderful power wielded by its means; if they remember that there is not a function, even the simplest, carried on by a woman, which is not in perfect harmony with all the others in her repertory; if they consider how entirely it belongs to our civilisation and how great an advantage of it it is, they will excuse me for contemplating with delight and admiration this beautiful illustration of the fallibility of human nature.

So far as I am aware, there exists one other authority upon the subject,—that of Dr. Burgess. But as Dr. Burgess did not model his composition upon the modern essayist, as he omitted to consider blushing an advantage to civilisation, and as he made it the occasion for profound arguments on each of the most intricate portions of our anatomy, readers need fear no want of originality here. It will, indeed, prove reassuring to state that these remarks on blushing will lead to no learned, ingenious theories respecting the brain, the spinal marrow, the sympathetic nerves, the heart and capillary blood-vessels, the dermis, the rete mucosum, the anastomosing of the nerves, the union of the ganglionic nerves, electric currents, the injection of the cavernosa, or any details one half so interesting. Dr. Burgess pointed to it as the lava of the heart, produced by a eruption of feeling; I prefer to regard it as a lava which at a single blow lays low the most unassailable fortresses of man. In brief, the cause inspired Dr. Burgess; the effect excites me.

In the writings of the earliest lyric and epic poets, we find the phenomenon frequently alluded to, as well as in other productions of antiquity. It seems to have been, in the early ages, employed to express shame alone; but civilisation has perverted this; for, as seen now, it generally means anything you choose—frequently nothing at all.

It is a not widely-known fact, that negroes and blacks of the deepest dye can and do blush—blush as readily as any European—and yet not as readily, for they become blacker. The explanation whereof is in the axiom that no colours produce a darker hue

than black or red ground. This faculty, therefore, does not lie wholly dormant in savage man—is not entirely a result of civilisation. The Circassian women, so celebrated for their beauty, are, although not perfectly civilised, occasionally seen to blush deeply. It is considered an acquisition by the Sultan, as giving proof of their not being ultra-barbarous; and those females who are thus capable of exhibiting their internal emotions invariably bring a higher price than their less susceptible sisterhood.

The student's attention is, at an early stage of the inquiry, arrested by the number—the extraordinary range of living things that blush. Fowls, in rage and in the tender passion flush. Dogs and other animals undoubtedly blush; in rage the flush extends to the eyes; many flowers blush, though it is not known that vegetables do; the majority of *savants* hold the opinion that fish ought to blush—if, indeed, they do not—and avow they cannot understand why they don't. It has been suggested that these gentlemen, should be accommodated with quarters in the ocean's bed to take observations upon the spot. The idea may be feasible enough, especially as, if their theory is correct, they could have no better opportunity of verifying it; if fish do blush, the invasion of the privacy of their couches by these dangerous gentlemen will afford them sufficient occasion.

Thus it would seem probable that the pleasing power is exerted by all participators in creation—with one notable exception,—the idiot. No idiot has been known to blush.

But though it is certain that man in the imbecile state is incapable of blushing, yet the incapacity can hardly be recommended as a test of insanity—it would be a little unfair to decide a man to be mad because he was unable to blush.

The flush of rage is as familar to all as the blush of shame, and it is a moot point whether life would not be a great deal more endurable without either.

So much for the phenomenon of blushing; I will now deal briefly with the more direct effect. Its importance cannot be overrated, its virtues need not be detailed.

To blushing is due a foremost place among the charms of modern life. There are charms and charms; none will deny that this is a piece of witchcraft, as often as an unsophisticated addition to beauty. Who, even among women, can say how many fates have been decided by a blush? Who, even amongst the masters—mistresses rather—of this art, could say how much a blush can tell, what eloquence a blush may bear?

There is no doubt that the system, as practised now, is rather over-done. The world blushes too much. Personally, I am very fond of blushing—in others; but when one is blushed at, at every

available opportunity, when the most trivial remark is answered by a burning blush, when one's mere appearance on any scene is the signal for a spontaneous blush, it is no wonder if one should feel somewhat surfeited with blushing, and long for a life a trifle less highly civilised. But the sarcastic vein is apt to offend; my scope is to instruct.

Blushing cannot, perhaps, be recommended to man, as the adoption of winking was advised to women. It would be vain to expect modern man to find the virtue in a blush that he sees in a wink. And yet, of the two, a wink is the less pretty, and the less expressive accomplishment. The interesting subject for speculation, thus raised, I leave to the mercies of the inquiring reader; content to conclude this paper with the expression of a hope, that this one of the most bewitching charms of the English maiden may continue to warm her cheek, and betray her purity of soul, and that it may ever become her as well as it becomes her now!

D J. CURRY.

MAGAZINES OF POPE'S TIME.

In "Harper's Bazaar" for the 2nd of last month, we find the following paragraph:—"Perhaps the oldest magazine in existence is the "Gentleman's Magazine," first published in London in 1740. Long ago, Dr. Johnson wrote for that magazine under the *nom de plume* of S. Smith." This interesting little piece of information reminds us of a magazine, now extinct, which, though a contemporary of the "Gentleman's," originally appeared at an earlier date, namely, the "London Magazine." If the former in the year 1740 bore any resemblance to the latter in its construction, it has considerably and materially changed; and as we have a few stray copies in our possession of this relic of old serials, a brief sketch of its construction and contents will, we imagine, not be entirely devoid of interest.

The earliest number in our possession of the "London Magazine," is one for September, 1737, and the latest 1741. Now-a-days, we understand by a magazine a serial mainly composed of fiction, and containing some biographical or historical essays, interspersed by a few occasional poems; but such was far from being the case 141 years ago. The daily press was then in its infancy compared to what it is now, and our ancestors were glad to be kept *au courant* of the chief topics of the day by a monthly summary of general news. We therefore find the magazine in question opening with a "Journal of the Proceedings and Debates in the last Session of Parliament," comprising in all 47 pages. It is followed by "Letters in the Original, with the Translations and Messages, that passed between the King, Queen, Prince, and Princess of Wales, on occasion of the birth of the young Princess." The present generation would open its eyes were such a correspondence circulated at large. It, however, excites our mirth as well as our interest to find that "the King has commanded me (Lord Essex) to acquaint your Royal Highness, that his Majesty most heartily rejoices at the safe delivery of the Princess; but that your carrying away her Royal Highness from Hampton Court, the then residence of the King and Queen and the Royal Family, under the pains and certain indication of immediate labour, to the imminent danger and hazard of both the Princess and her child, and after sufficient warnings for a week before to have made the necessary preparations for this happy event, without acquainting his Majesty or the Queen with the circumstances the

Princess was in, or giving them the least notice of your departure, is looked upon by the King to be such a deliberate indignity offered to himself and to the Queen, that he has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness, that he resents it to the highest degree." Nor it is less interesting to learn that on the delivery of her Royal Highness Lord Harrington and Sir Robert Walpole were turned out bed at five o'clock a.m., and that "His Royal Highness was pleased to send for them to his bed-side." It is, however, highly probable that neither Lord Harrington nor the "drunken cynic" had as yet retired between the sheets. Next follows "A View of the Weekly Essays and Disputes in this Month," which simply consists of articles extracted from the "*Universal Spectator*," the "*Craftsman*," the "*Daily Gazetteer*," and others. The next pages are devoted to poetry, in one number as many as four; most of it we may safely pronounce as trash. Pastoral poems are not thought much of in the present day, and our only wonder is that our ancestors can have admired such twaddle about shepderdesses and swains, &c., as abound in this relic of bygone times. The concluding pages contain a "Monthly Chronologer," and the information it gives is not a little miscellaneous, viz., an account of the death of Queen Caroline, which is written in a somewhat bombastic style, while that of her illness is detailed in a way we, who now-a-days never call a spade a spade, would consider rather repulsive. Births, Deaths, and Marriages; Ecclesiastical Preferments; Promotions, Civil and Military; Persons declared Bankrupts; Prices of Stocks, &c., &c., all come under this heading. Considering the excitement at present prevailing, the following excerpt, from a long article is interesting:—"Since our last we have had accounts of several advantages gained by the Turks over the Germans in Hungary . . . . and that Nissa has been retaken by the Turks as easily as it was taken from them in the beginning of this summer by the Germans. . . . . The Turks talk of laying siege to Ockyakow notwithstanding its being now the winter season." Alas! the tables are turned.

If the "Gentleman's Magazine" was contributed to by Dr. Johnson, the "London Magazine" was honoured by a greater man, viz., Pope. The number for June contains "verses occasioned by the author's presenting a fan to a young lady, on which was painted the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto *aura veni*, by Mr. Pope." There are also lines "By Richard Savage, Esq;" and one long "poem found among tha celebrated Mr. Addison's papers, and supposed to be a compliment on his marriage with the Countess of Warwick; it is entitled "Wit and Constancy." There is a pleasure that every antiquarian must feel in thus beholding a serial to which celebrated men contri-

buted, as our greatest authors of the present day do to our first-class reviews and magazines,—men with whose name we are all familiar, and whose works are to be found in the library of nearly every Englishman; it is therefore to be hoped some one may be enterprising enough to revive this evidently once leading magazine of its day, and conduct it, so far as it is compatible with the times we live in, according to its original form.

CECIL MAXWELL LYTE.

HOURS IN SWEDEN.

BY LAUNCELOT CROSS.

PART VII.

ASPECTS OF NATURE IN NORRLAND.

AFTER these minor excursions, a series of circumstances made evening walks on Locknö road our chief exercise. And these were never without interest. The single, solitary road had charms that contrasted sweetly with the rudeness and din of the busy parts we lived in when at our usual home occupation.

There was always a solemnity over the scene. No human mirth, no song of bird ever broke the stern tranquillity of the rocks, the woods, and the water in any of our wanderings. The few houses that we passed, standing a little off the road, and the cluster which marked the termination of our walk, were as silent as the fields on which they stood. Sometimes we did hear at intervals the sound of a bell in the woods and distant pastures, but its peculiar tone did not break the spell of quietude, but rather seemed the voice of silence itself. Indeed, at eventide the whole region became invested with a deep sabbatic calm which lay upon all the hills, in all the woods, over all the waters as deep as in the heavens above.

After the observations of a few evenings, we made the remark that the aspects of the northern heavens must be habitually beautiful. Our short experience proved correct; we obtained the largest confirmation from residents as to their appearance at other periods of the year.

The sun always couched in his splendours on the dark Wahlaberget, on the western side of the Ongerman. And we often surmised whether there were such sunsets in the world as those we beheld. Proud as are southern climes of the sun's love in creating odours and flowers and warming the passions, their firmament possesses no such glories as the northern. They have not the cloud-play, the pageantry of etherial forms and supernal hues, nor the magnificent constellations. The workings of the Beneficent Being in the sky for the joy and elevation of the mind, and the subtler teachings of spiritual truths presented in the vapours and colourings—that celestial, ever-changing picture is more widely unrolled—touched with finer, deeper, and intenser lights, has a richer language than in any of the genial climes. Some things

are n' vouchsafed to man here; but the firmamental grandeurs are divine compensation for their loss.

On the evening of the fourth of September, as we set out on our walk, we beheld a wondrous spectacle. The glorious day-star had gone down, but over his dark mountain-tomb rose a broad column of ruby fire of intolerable effulgence, whilst, on either side and above it, long streaks of gold and crimson clouds lay across a sky of pale green. In these long alternate streaks of crimson and gold it seemed as though the Great Invisible was hanging Sweden's favourite colours in the sky for some loving purpose, perhaps to cheer the remote northern peoples with a frequent emblem, and thus warm their hearts with the remembrance of the great national brotherhood. A quarter of an hour after, as we passed the caserns and descended to the road, we beheld the moon unshorn of any glory rising over the lofty pines at the foot of the Fiord. Large and bright and full, she cast a radiant pillar into the water which stretched from beneath the ebon hills to our very feet —a radiant pillar like that which led Israel's tribes on their desert wanderings, and sufficing here to lead contemplative souls over the waters of worldly cares to the Holy Land of sweet contentedness.

Our views of the elemental phenomena were not confined to the observations of our circumscribed walk. On the evening of our second Sabbath, from the Flaggstång Berg, we beheld the sun go down with an insufferable light. The eye could neither rest on his gleaming orb nor on his shadow, his second self, in the water. It was the proudest sunset we ever saw. The great god of light, rejoicing in his strength, proclaimed in his passing that his power was unimpaired—that he was still pursuing a victorious course, and that he would reappear on the morrow to possess the other half of the heavens as glorious as of old. He announced that he was more lasting than the hills—an eternal, ever-producing deity.

We must not omit to mention the precursor to the moon-light view on the Lockno road. It was on the evening of our third Sunday at nine o'clock that we were called upon to look at the large full moon, which was dipping down behind the pines of Lockno hills. It was a vast surprise. None of us had witnessed her growth—not once seen her climb the sky in her new cycle. And now we beheld her in full-orbed effulgence. The effect was strange and beautiful. The Fiord was bright, the shadows of the woods were intensely black, and this full-moon setting, as it seemed to us, very early clothed the unexpected scene with a peculiar awe. Now at her zenith, the Queen of Night was prematurely hastening to Endymion. Slanting through the sepulchral pines, she slowly seeks his couch, and in the solemn hour we felt that in these woods, as in ages past.

"Oh, moon, the oldest shades midst oldest trees,
Feel palpititions when thou lookest in."

On the morning of the Tuesday following we had a marvellous mist effect. The mist was dense and general. Darkness lay over the whole land; traffic in the Fiord, and, as we learned, on the whole Ongerman was entirely stopped. About ten o'clock a change took place. The curtain of vapours was slowly lifted as by a supernatural hand. In a short time the waters of the river and the Fiord began to be visible, shining intensely blue, whilst the surrounding upland and hills were clothed with dun clouds. Yet a little longer and we saw

"Lakes, islands, promontories, gleaming bays;"

and yet a little longer, and every vestige of the vapours vanished —the whole scene appeared bright and sharp as if the light which illumined it had been purged by some quick element, and the heavens above shone resplendent as in the hour of an assumption.

A week later, we beheld a lurid and alarming spectacle of a different character, and which had interesting consequences. Whilst sitting in quiet conversation, news was brought, according to the Swedish idiom, that "fire was loose," in the direction of Locknö. We hastened out, and, sure enough, over the intervening rocky pine heights we saw the reflection of a conflagration.

Trinculo, who was in our company, became very much alarmed, and was garrulous as to whether it was the mill, or a cavern, or the manager's dwelling-hut was burning. Suddenly a tremendous mass of sparks flew up like a volcano, a loud detonation followed, and then everything sank into darkness and silence.

On hearing the explosion Trinculo, snapping his fingers, danced round and round, crying, "Gott in him me! Ach, för tusen hake! Surtur! Surtur! Surtur! I might have known it—known it—long before this last. His revenge—in fine—has come, as he swore."

This outburst was as so much Hebrew to us. It soon became clear; so we ourselves, singularly enough, made it still more clear. Trinculo, when we inquired what he meant, in the fulness of his joy at having a story to tell—be it tragedy, comedy, tragi-comedy, or comedy-tragedy—took us by the arm, and, walking amidst the trees, told us that all the seven deadly sins that had been rampant at Skönvik might be said to have been incarnated in a former manager, called Sven Surtur. "This man," quoth Trinculo, "had all the snakey hues of merriment, and greed, and hate. By virtue of these he had had a long and jolly reign, until financial affairs, which of all things he pretended to despise, and concealed the periodical results by ringing changes on the figures, until, at last, they pressed the proprietary and snared his own heels. He was ejected. In his rage he attributed his fall to a factor called

Lungrön. Now Lungrön has got managership of our neighbour's saw-mill," continued Trinculo. "Surtur swore he'd blow him up. He's done it; he's done it! All Ongerman to a Kronor, the fire is at Lungrön's. A blast of powder has been put in, and Lungrön is gone to—Paradise."

Messengers soon brought us news that the fire certainly was at Lungrön's house; that there had been a mysterious explosion whilst the house was burning, but fortunately no one was injured.

Trinculo was in ecstacies that his surmise had proved correct as to the manager's house, and as to the mystery of the explosion. He danced round and round, and snapped his fingers more vehemently than ever, and used sundry exclamations which, as they were in a foreign language, could not be challenged as either unpolite or wicked. He said he would go into the matter further, and inquire whether Surtur had been seen in the neighbourhood. It was supposed he had left Sweden a year ago. Trinculo thought the report might be a *ruse*, originated by Surtur himself, to conceal his movements. He believed Surtur must be somewhere near, and that he should soon find traces of his cloven-foot.

Three days went past. Trinculo's inquiries were fruitless. Nothing could be heard of Surtur, except that he was supposed to be in foreign parts. Trinculo was losing all authority as a prophet, for which he often asserted claims, and was getting the repute of only being a *prat-makare*, which Chaucer's Chanticleer could interpret as a lover of sober, sensible talk. He grew serious upon that, and wanted to prove Surtur's presence logically, as he could not do it physically. "So-and-so has happened; only so-and-so could do it—ergo, so-and-so is here." In the excitement of his arguments he one morning led us into the woods, and after a lengthy monologue pointed to a rocky head amidst the trees, which obtained a distant glimpse of the river.

Quoth Trinculo—"When Herr Surtur was at Skönvik playing out the seven deadly sins, he came with his stick and promenaded—there, on that rock. Let us go up now." No sooner had we reached the terrace of soil that ran along the terrace of rock than Trinculo exclaimed—half in terror half in delight—"Hol der Teufel!—Here we have him."

He pointed to the marks of recent footsteps on the terrace, "Styx to an öre—here has he promenaded until he heard the explosion."

"To our own horror as we gazed at the footprints, we made a discovery more astounding than that of Trinculo. We counted fourteen short steps; the feet were brought together at the seventh, as though a halt had been made, and marks were extended to right and left, as of a stick drawn across the path.

"No; we have him!" we echoed. "Tell us if this be Nils Surtur!" Thereupon we described the gentlemen of the creaking boots on board of the "Orlando," and asked, "Be that the gentleman?" "Yah—oh, yes," replied the astonished Trinculo. "Well, he didn't go under the name of Surtur then," said we; "he was Herr Sturleson. And now we'll give you his present appearance;" and we described the man as we saw him rehearsing for his tragedy at the Djurgzård.

"Donner wetter!" cried Trinculo in amazement wilder than ever. "That very creature landed at Nyland a week ago. No one knew the stranger, where he went to or came from. But we'll have him now."

Trinculo sent speedy information of what we said to the authorities at Hernösand. During our stay, however, nothing came of the matter. Strangely enough, it was left for ourselves inadvertently to end it.

After this we came upon a wet and weary time. The sun seemed blotted out. For days the shekinah was hidden from the eyes of man, and the spirit sank at its withdrawal. One morning we admired the appearance of twelve vessels loading at Skönvik's quays, with all their sails spread to dry after a heavy night-rain. It was a magnificent sight; there was far more poetry in it than in the launching of a ship of the line, which warmed the imagination of a Campbell in the great poetical controversy. There was grandeur in form in every vessel, and, in the combination of the whole, there was direct suggestiveness of the wind-swift race upon the waters, of warring with the elements, of daring and great accomplishment—yet all was subservient to the gentlest of purposes. With all this display they were but loading a cargo of wood; and then heroism on flood and in tempest was in obedience to the mild ends of commerce. There was nothing to mar the contemplation of the sight. "No hoarse raven croaked a welcome to the coming storm." Yet, alas! the labour and the display were ill spent. For the following seven days the sails of the vessels were never dry.

SKÖNVICK'S VIEWS.

We had more than a week of it; rain and fine, rain, rain and fine—rain, rain, rain and fine—rain, rain, rain, rain endlessly, an implacable rain-storm. From the dining-room we had daily viewed the long broad Fiord with its green, winding shores and promontories, the open lands above, the enclosing pine-covered hills. We had seen the prospect in the glory of noon, seen it steeped in cool moonlight. We had seen the Fiord a rich dark blue, taking its colour from the heavens, and the distant, high pine-forest, as though

on fire from the reflection of the setting sun. But this all vanished, was washed out! We had more than a week of it; rain, rain, rain, rain endlessly—rain, rain, rain, rain to an extent never recorded in Norrland before.

It turned the newly-cut wood on the quays from a fine light yellow to a deep tawny colour. It made the Lockno road—Skönvik's notable one road—totally unavailable.

It came down fast as thunder-showers, accompanied by a strong but balmy east wind, and changed everything. The flowers hung their heads to the very ground, the mountain ashes shed their berries like burning tears, the hills became quite hidden in the dense rain-clouds; there was no sky, the slopes became running streams, the Fiord grim and grey, and mounted to within three inches of the top of the quays, which has been unknown before. The rain washed the very paint off the fronts of the house: it came into every window, so that towels had to be laid down to absorb it at its entrance; it penetrated all the rooms, slipped under the glass doors, ran along the floors, and did injury to ceilings and carpets. In a word, the rain stopped our movements at every turn outside the house, found its way into every cranny, saturated the air, blotted out creation, entered into our very souls.

In the overflowing of our despair we cried out that Skönvik has been praised for much,—that it is lovely, that it is distant, that it has been Aceldama, that it is a place of one road which leads specially nowhere, that it is sternly quiet; but never did we hear it praised for its character as—a watering place! We write thus much of it, because we had much of it—that is, of rain—and we are surprised that in our writing our ink is not thin from it.

SALTSJÖN.

At length the deluge was stayed, and we took the earliest available day to make a short driving excursion. On a Thursday afternoon we drove with our host on the north side of the Fiord from Roya, through Bjerträ-wood, along the vale of Strinne, past the church, up through the village into the grandest scene we beheld in Sweden. For some time the pine-clad rocky mountains towered high and rugged on our left—the sublimity of awe breathing from their simple magnificence and silence. We then rose through a stretch of woodland through which a burn ran over stones and moss—it was like an old friend unexpectedly greeting us, its very sound seemed to have a Scotch accent in it. Anon, we reached a small lake, smooth as a mirror, in which the shores, trees, and sky were so exactly reflected that it was difficult at a little distance to define where the substance ended or the shadow began. We con-

tinued to climb, and soon hailed in the distance a fine inland water called Bålsjön.

The short excursion was so exquisite, that we unanimously agreed to come over the ground again on Saturday. As, however, our departure was drawing near, we lengthened the drive. Having attained the west end of the beautiful Bålsjön, with its green peninsula nearly dividing it, we pressed still further on and entered a pine-forest, the densest we had been in. The trees—some not so large as one might have looked for, but their number, their closeness, the consequent dimness, and the rank, mossy ways on every side—gave the woody precincts a wild, primeval look.

The mosses gave us an especial delight. We have compared notes snce with other writers, and find that these retiring plants have strongly attracted the attention of lovers of nature in Sweden. Sylvanus has spoken of paths full of mosses, arranged in their gorgeous livery of green and gold, upon which he grieved to tread, so beautiful they rose. Frederika Bremer was delighted with them, and called them "the kind—the pious folks of the vegetable kingdom." By the way, Mr. Alfred Wills describes how, in Switzerland, he got a surprise similar to our own. The spot he fixed upon, after long world-wanderings, was an alpine home in the valley of Sixt, which he named "The Eagle's Nest" One of the charms of the region that fascinated him was the fact that the trees of the neighbouring woods pierced through carpets of the richest and softest green, of ferns and mosses, whilst generally, beneath fir woods, the traveller sees a bare, drab-coloured soil. The forest tapestry we came upon so free, so luxuriant, so extensive, so beauteous in its many colours, gave to our Swedish visit one more of those unexpected features which often form an era in excursions—make a new oasis for the memory to rest upon—add one more bright form to

"The spiritual presences of absent things."

Shortly after emerging from the forest, we came to a rude, water-worked saw-mill, and three or four houses, where we dismounted. Even in this remote spot, at the door of one of the cottages, the Swedish love of greenwood was displayed. Verdant twigs of pine, and fir, and juniper were laid tastefully round the humble threshold, as a decoration and refreshment to the eye. In these Norrland wilds custom beats with blind, hidden pulses in answer to ancient ceremonies—gives a faint but assured indication of the orient fount of language and life. Why may we not here recognise relics of the Feast of Tabernacles of ancient lands, when branches were cut and solemn observances held, and joy was in the heart and singing on the lips?

From the saw-mill and the cottages we walked to the object of our journey—the large lake of SALTSJÖN.

Here nature's wildest joys can be found, and nought of art. We wandered at will for a long time through the woods, keeping as near to the shore of the lake as possible; but we often had to change our course by reason of the thick, matted undergrowth. Cranberries grew around in the richest profusion, and made the spots they covered sparkle as with gems. A single branch frequently yielded as much as the hand could hold.

We came upon ants' nests which were of an enormous size. They were not mere homes, nor hamlets, nor even cities, but national undertakings—as if built for successive generations of ants. Of course, their labours cannot compare in magnitude with those of the white ants, or termites, of the tropics, which is of the most insignificant of the species—yet builds very ant-Babels, as if for an insect immortality. Nevertheless, this our homely wood-ant combines ideas of grandeur with the most delicate tastes; it is in a pleasant neighbourhood, near a tree, and, if possible, beside the water shallowing amongst stones that it rears majestic fabrics.

Our wandering at length brought us to a massy rocky point which stretched far into the waters, and from which we commanded the whole expanse of the lake, except the portions hidden by the many noble islands which rose from its bosom at some distance from where we stood. The surroundings of hill and forest added to the lake's impressiveness. One dark, densely-wooded hill, far to the right, obtruded himself finely above his fellows, as if to claim grandeur for the scene, which otherwise might be called nobly rugged.

Saltsjön is, indeed, a glorious water, and worthy of being imbedded in the heart of Scotland's Highlands. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is a representative scene of inland Sweden: here you meet her "souls of lonely places;" here enter the depths of her old melancholy, grey-bearded woods; here find all her severe tranquillity brightened by the ever-present gleam of water, and wild fruits, beautiful as flowers, enriching the end of her brief summer.

This excursion was delightful in itself; its conclusion was made interesting from natural phenomena of the most majestic kind. When we got over the woody hill of Bjertrå, on our return, and came into the open plain, the sun was pillowing his chin on Wahlaberget in front of us. The mountain lay beneath him in blackest darkness, from the contrast of his own brightness. The sky above was an intense gold, crossed by long lines of purple. To the right, over the small hamlet of Frostland, lighter tints of primrose and amethyst played amongst the clouds. Looking behind us the

heavens were streaked with deep lines of purple and vermilion, whilst the forests on the highest hills were struck as by fire from the sunset opposite. Finally, to our left, over the Fiord, and above the village of Locknö, which lay embosomed in the distant vale, the heavens were of a deep, steely blue. The sight was strange in the extreme; each quarter of the firmament presented an appearance distinct from all the others.

As we were crossing the Fiord we noticed a remarkable change. The sunset had become red and wild, whilst the whole of the heavens, north and east, and south, had blackened. It was a scene that might terrify disordered nations and besieged camps; its least potent was flood and tempest. This latter was too true. Our enemy found us again. Whilst at tea it began—crash, splash—tumultuous beyond any precedent. Down came the rain, through all the long night, lashing the eastern front of the house, entering every windows on that side; also between the circes of the glass doors of the drawing and dining-rooms.

Next morning it still came down in ceaseless torrents. Sabbath it was, but no Sabbath for aught outside. Alas, it was a terrible time, as we afterwards learned, for those at sea, and vessels on the Bothnian Gulf.

For this, our last Sunday, there was, consequently, no church. Our host, however, had brought certain ideas with him from England regarding Sunday employment. On each Sunday evening, in a minor sitting-room, entered from the drawing-room, we had a home service, in which our host and hostess combined their endeavours to make complete as to ritual, music, and exhortation. To this substitute we had recourse to in the morning as well as in the evening of this drenched day.

The latter was marked by an incident worth noting. We had occasion to see an afternoon visitor depart in a steam gondola, just before the hour of home service. On returning we found our host in conversation with two men outside the west front of the house. They proved to be sailors from a sloop which was loading in the neighbourhood. They had been holding religious services for a Sunday or two in Skonvik's school-room (for the colony has its organisation for educating its young), and they had come to thank our host for the use of it.

He invited them to join in the household worship, to which they gladly consented, although they had only a short time to stay. Our hostess played the music for one of Sankey's hymns, of which there are Swedish copies. Immediately upon this being finished, the visitor who had done the preaching in the school-room, a fine-looking, robust curly-haired fellow about three or four and twenty years of age, sank upon his knees in the centre of the room, and

poured forth an extemporaneous prayer in his native language. His deliverv was impassioned and fluent. When he concluded, his companion followed with another prayer. Upon rising they instantly struck up one of their popular hymns. This being ended, the preacher turned to the maids of the house, and addressed them for about ten minutes, his warmth gave the modulation of his speech the most musical effect we ever heard in Swedish speech. A lady who was present, and acquainted perfectly with the Swedish tongue, and who was wrapped in wonder all the time, said that the sailor-apostle had a gift of language far beyond what a merely good education could give him.—Such is the natural force of enthusiasm. It and it alone can make the soul move with all its powers, and render the physical organ ready and pliant vessels to all its strivings.

We have reason to think that these men belonged to the sect of Lasare, which was formed orginally in Norrland for lay action, to supply the place of the religious services when the church was distant, to fill the Sabbath with due devotion, to the restriction and suppression of worldly indulgences on that day, and afterwards, in the extension of its number and influence, to revive and strengthen the natural church, from which it never separated. The northern portion of the sect is called "The Experimental," and their watchword is "Come to Jesus."

The sailors being being gone the household service was continued. The impressiveness of their devotion lingered behind them, and the verse of one of the hymns so affected Gloriana that she had to leave the room. The lines are very simple.

"I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I'll see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me."

Simple lines are these, very. Fire and music are wanting, They are only a call on the memory; but Gloriana's memory responded. It seems as though the parent that gave his life on earth and whom the words recalled from spheres of bliss, would lead her to the eternal lise in the heavens.

The weather was more tempestuous than ever during the night. Hræsvelgur, the Scandanavian storm-god, flapped his wings vehemently :—

"The wiud, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines."

The rain poured down in one incessant flow.

On the following morning we prepared for our departure. We had not learned the wild work that had been done on the wide

waters during Sunday; we, therefore, took Skönvik's largest steam gondola, and, in company with our host, went to Hernösand, where he proposed to see us embark for Stockholm.

This was not to be. The "Hernösand II.," by which we had to depart at five o'clock, glided into the harbour at half-past four, not, however, from the upper part of the gulf for Stockholm, but twelve hours behind her time in coming from Stockholm, bound for Ornshöldsvik.

We were thus necessitated to stay at Hernösand all night. We, therefore, bade good-bye to our host. He went on board the steam gondola, waved to us, and we to him, until distance hid him from us.

Farewell, beautiful Skönvik, the eye of the Ongerman! And Farväl Kamrat! you have vanished into the solemn Ongerman. Shades of night are closing round you; but you go to a cheerful companion and family which will brighten the darkness; you have treasures which will make the heart of winter warm.

We pause on the word

WINTER.

We know it well. Not from our own experience, but from postal correspondence from Skonvik during the arctic season, and from the recapitulation of its phenomena from week to week. Too often have these been wailed into our ears for us not to know every point of the chart of winter, as known to sojourners there. We have, furthermore, obtained confirmatory information whilst in Norrland, and, above all, we have inquired well as to the pleasures of the season, which are too little insisted upon.

Therefore, I advise you, Camarado, on this your first experience, that you are about to realise the words of a writer dear to Swedish hearts that—"The grand feature of northern life is a conquered winter."

It descends gently. Sharp nights—clear, beautiful days. The light dwindles day by day—eventually it threatens to expire altogether amidst shadows and snow. Meantime you are thoroughly preparing. Fur coats, long fur-lined boots, deer-skin vests, are got ready—skates, sledges, and shoes. Double windows are put in all over the house, every crevice stopped that can possibly admit even the fine point of winter's arrows. The temperature of indoors is kept up by the large stoves.

At last the inexorable frost usurps the whole region. He has long played with you at night, but the sun of noonday always melts the ice. Now, however, he comes in earnest, and in one stride makes everything his own for six months. The mighty river is bound up in one night. A steamer which has left Skonvik in

open water will not be able to get to its quay next morning. The mighty Ongerman is turned into stone, and all the life of the country seems taken away. But no! the water is made a highway. The sledges come out—also the skates—and before the snow falls, the skate-ships which fly before the wind. A new beauty appears on the earth. The defeated warm season makes an effort to return,—then as a moist day, perhaps only a night dew. But the lordly frost closes over it instantly, and the keen morn discloses such a scene as Ambrose Philips sang of in the Scandinavian kingdom a hundred and fifty years ago. You will behold

> The winter in a lively dress appear.

The silent ministry of the frost presents

> "The face of nature in a rich disguise,
> And brightens every object to thine eyes.
> . . . . . .
> For every weed, and every blade of grass,
> And every pointed shrub seems wrought in glass;
> The birch, and towering pine,
> Glazed over in the freezing ether shine."

Yes, how often have we heard rapturous descriptions of such mornings, and excursions through the woods, which were adorned as with fair crystal work, and even the old spiders' webs became shining lace traceries.

Then comes the snow. It falls light, but really it is heavy—as voluminous as the torrent rain we experienced. Surely the country is now buried. Again, no! The farmers use the snow-ploughs, and open up the king's road. Farms and villages are once more connected. Highways are made across, and up and down the vast sleeping river, miles in extent—thereby, too, habitations are connected—saw-mills, villages, and churches.

Has the landscape become a mere sunless waste of snow? More emphatically, no! A still later beauty is spread over the earth. The pensive mind finds in the pine-woods trickled out in white garments a presentation of nature's grief, an exhibition of Sweden's real mourning. But the lively and bounding imagination to which the pure, sharp air is a stimulating fire, sees a different picture in the sable firs heightened with the ermine snow; in the dazzling interwreathed branches it beholds the bridal garment of the earth, as she sleeps through the long night of winter, waiting to arise, strong and jubilant, on the first whisper of spring. There you can have glorious days, such as Frederika Bremer describes, when nature seemed to her in its most beautiful garb, and was charming as summer in all its splendour. And

then the drives—the sleigh drives—such as Jerrold spoke of in terms worthy of a Norrlander. As the sleigh rushes musically over the snow, all conversation will be suspended by general consent; except for the merry bells it will be a silent journey as you speed through the intense, freezing air, over the silent snow, and between the snow's silent walls. When you reach home you will feel your face sore, as though beaten with stripes; your head will feel as though it were bald, and on touching your hair it will be dry as tinder. Shortly will come a re-action; cold and discomfort will pass away, and your blood will rush and burn tumultuously through every vein. We have read—nay, we have heard of all this—and the gleaming nights, delights and surprises upon the journey—and can confidently prophesy your experience.

The cold increases—how you have to muffle with skins to the very eye if you cross the threshhold! how you have to watch each other's faces lest they become frost-bitten! "The air burns frore," as Milton sings, "and cold performs the effect of fire." If you touch the iron handles of the doors your skin comes off as though burnt! How different is inside the house to outside! You have a genial warmth in every corner of every room, no draught, no shivers. You can't possibly guess what the temperature is out of doors. Yes; sometimes you can. One evening, whilst quietly reading or talking, you hear a creeking through the house—then silence—then a report like a gun—afterwards there is a louder noise—and so on throughout all the night the wood-built house cracks like thunder in its thousand joints. If a Swede is present, he will tell that the frost is becoming intenser. You cannot believe it—all within is so warm and cozy. When you rise in the morning you are bathed in the usual balmy air, you go to your window to look at the barometer outside—and—what? Why the quicksilver has vanished—it is froze up! You have now got a black and terrible frost. But, for all that, pleasant as it is within—there is joy in the open air—there is no wind—no bone-piercing fog; but, instead, an exhilarating atmosphere that makes all from our clime exclaim: "Never do we seem to have known before, settled, clear, calm weather; and so cheerful, too!"

But we must speak of the night. The day in extent is a mere span long—indeed, for some six weeks the wooded declivities of Litanön hide the sun's face, as he makes his little arc in the heavens, altogether from Skönvik. But the nights have become more glorious, the moon assumes more grandeurs. In the full—at solemn midnight—large, straight overhead—shining down on the sublime desolations of snow—amids the frost-silences—hers is a presence so spiritual, and all is so supernaturally still that the spectator is oppressed with an awe unlike that felt at any other

time, or under any other circumstances. And the stars, too, appear in denser and more effulgent legions, the etherial deminations are multiplied, and each bright, particular orb sparkles more keenly in the keen air. Orion, in more palpable starry outline, pursuing his journey "hungry for the moon;" but the three suns in his belt you will be Scandinavian enough to recognise as Freya's distaff. Sirius sends forth more passionate pulsations, which will make you comprehend why the Northmen called it Loke Brenna — or Loke's burning—the fire home of an evil spirit. The Milky Way is broader and whiter than you have seen it before, which makes you feel the appropriateness of its being called, by dwellers around you, the Winter Road. The shooting-stars flash in greater numbers, so much more brilliant than in the south, that you are not surprised that the Pagans believed them supernatural creatures, the fiery horses on which the Valkyriors darted through the heavens. The Plough—that most familiar of all the constellations—you note with greater earnestness than any other of the starry phenomena —how that makes intenser golden revolutions as it deeply turns up the eternities for harvests of the universe. But, lo! the star-silences and frost-silences are broken—there is a rustling as of silk—and the heavens are illumined with a light known not to sea or land, but only to the snow wastes—broad flashes—sun-like spears—unwonted terrors. It is the Aurora Borealis, which you will see in more vivid and fur-flashing radiance than ever in your native land. It is no disparagement to the region to say that they here computed by nights, not days—winters, not summers; for night and winter are more excellent in their degree here than with us.

Then you have unwonted visitors. Yes, at this most inclement time you are called upon by a race that eschews your comparatively southern land when spring comes. The Lapps come down from their northern kingdom,—these strange creatures, who still, they say, hold to native religious rites, and upbraid their southern countryman for want of nationality. You will hear a singular sound in the distance, and, on looking, you will see herds of deer dancing down a snow-covered hill, and after them, in their sledges and on iron shoes, short, uncouth, fur-clad beings shooting down the declivity as swift as arrows. They come, and you let them lodge in outhouses or empty caserns, as they choose, for it is said a curse follows any inhospitality to the Lapps. They may remain with you for a while, or may proceed further down the river. But, at any rate, you will see sufficient of them to wonder at their strange customs, their wandering life, their filthiness and tastes, and one occupation of keeping deer.

In mid-winter you will not bate one jot of your peculiar

pleasures. In its icy heart come the joys of Christmas, when you will mingle England's frolics with Sweden's pranks. The yule clog, the roast beef, the fire-pudding, you will have; also the fir-tree with glittering fruit of toys and sweetmeats; and, although you have gas, candles are stuck about everywhere. Aeh! and maybe some one of you little ones, looking out into the night and seeing the stars shining like the Christmas candles, may exclaim, like the child in the lines of Henosand's iron bishop, Franzen,

"Se, mamma! hur det brimmer der so monga gus po himmeln!
Men är det sanning, att der är. Hvar afton jul i nimmeln?"

which may be freely translated—

"See, mamma! how are burning there, so many lights in heaven!
And is it true that angels have each night Christ's mass in leaven?"

And often, my friend, when there is no special holy season, you will kindle an English brightness in your stove. I know it—I see it. There you are, in the large arm-chair, with many comforts, thoroughly enjoying your *Noctes Boreales*. Perhaps you are reading some recently-published book—perhaps hob-nobbing with an acquaintance, or perhaps Trinculo has gone up into the forests, and writes you an account of what is going on there—at which you are interested but more amused. Just listen to his last experience in what he calls English; but, alas! most Englishmen write worse. "Being on an inspections tripp in the forests, I answer here, homeward bound. That was a hard tripp, partly by a gig, sledge or shoemakers horses, and often with life's danger, for the small lakes and the swamps don't realy stand nor brake, but interesting was it notwithstanding. The winter was indeed an uncommon bad one for our forest works, in follow of great cold (ofver 50 degrees) and uncountable snow, so that neither men nor horse could work as common. When I came for measuring to a place called Björ-sjö, deep in a forest, we made halt at a hut where the workmen and horses are living the whole winter. (See picture, for Trinculo can sketch!) This hut, about six feet high, has three rooms—one for the men, one for the horses, and the third for hay, but all so dirty, o! so dirty!! The cooking implements are: One kittle to cook coffee, and one pan for *all* other service, washing, ETC., included. After my dog first had cleaned these instruments (an uncommon luxurie) one of the men began to cook coffee. For this purpose he rosted the coffee in the pan, took afterwards his cap (not a *new* one) laid the coffee and crossed, using a dirty bottle. Meanwhile snow was boiled in the kittle (no water being near the spot) and with (unwashed) hand the crossed coffee laid in. Suggar he hugged in peaces on his leather pinafore (which smelled of—o!—o!) and the 'calas' was ready. Then came

the real dinner. Io the pan, after my dog had cleaned again, peaces of bacon (also cut on that pinafore) cast in, a short time boiled, and—now go on. I was naturally prepared with some bread and polony, but my appetite was away. I could only laugh and laugl , for also my dog, Herr Hector, made a long face to such a dinner, and declined finaly all companyship with the kitchen." (Memo.—That Herr Hector is a magnificent English mastiff, nearly as large as a Norrland horse, presented by our host to Trinculo. He is the eighth wonder of the world in Norrland—or maybe the ninth, as the jack-ass put in his claims. His English proclivities may explain his aristocratic scorn for a woodland peasant's dinner.) "Now on for sleeping! I myself, Svanström, a factor and six workmen all pale male lying in on some hay, maybe in company with a legion of 'lus.'" (Of course, the classic reader knows well the animal Trinculo refers to, and that in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" we are told that "it agrees well passant; it is a familiar beast to man—and signifies love.") "Herr Hector, that lucky beast, lying as a prince in the sledge, which place I tryed to deel with him, but it would not do, there where five degrees cold. Certainly the account for this night-quarter was less than in a London hôtel, *if* nothing comes afterwards. Other news not for to-day, therefore, *good natt!*"

So speed the months, and then comes the change. The magic beauties of winter seems worn out, threadbare. You cannot find the gemmed cobwebs in the forest. The firs and pines shed, never to renew their white plumage. On a rocky top you, my friend, see a brown patch; you plunge knee-deep through the snow to reach it. Yes, the snow has melted from it, the grass is appearing, scorched though it looks, it *is* the sweet grass that will soon be green again; Lo! round and over are fluttering three brown-and-black butterflies.

Oh, we know you are in raptures, not the lute-voiced Saadi was more rapturous when he cried—"Thou wilt fancy it the dawning zephyr of an early spring; but it is the breath, Isa, or Jesus, for in that fresh breath and verdure the dead earth is reviving."

So it is. You have recognised the first breathing of the ecstatic SPRING. Age, and everything in nature is as quick as your own spirit. The snow vanishes from field and road like a passing vapour, the earth lifts her bared bosom to the sun, the ice-foundations of winter, on river, lake, and fiord, are broken up; the waters flow, bird and insect come abroad—all is motion and cheerfulness.

And what associations throng upon you in these thrilling hours! This is the time when you can best understand some features of Scandinavian mythology, and see its sympathy with its ancient source. The soul now throbs in response to the pulsations of its

original fount. The orient now bubbles upin the most northern heart. The fervour of Grecian fables thrills through the blood. Feelings and ideas are the same, the languages alone have changed. Let us go to the most assiduous of inquirers, and see if what he speaks of the East does not equally apply to the people of this clime:—

"The richest sources of Aryan mythology are found in the strife between Winter and Summer, the return of Spring and the Dawn, under all which there mystically lies the combat between Evil and Good. No goddess is so frequently called the friend of man as—the Dawn. No power deemed so inimical to him as—the Night. Poetry with these matters works in glory and in joy. In the Veda we behold the bright flocks of the Dawn, which are now the clouds that fertilise the earth, and now the bright days themselves, which are carried off by the dark west. They issue from, or retire to the stables of darkness. And so with the year-day, its golden flocks of hours which come and go into the dark stables of Winter.

"And then transpires the greater fact, the supreme phenomenon on earth and in heaven—the sun is re-born! Goodness testifies that it still doth live. The pious worshipper, in response (as we brighten our souls to the Divine one), lights his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers forth words which but faintly express the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart. Rise! our life, our spirit has come back! The darkness is gone, the light approaches!

"And what say the Northern voices? The old Saga sings that the celestial Gimle's verdant gate now opens—that divine life is everywhere moving. Their poet, Tegnér, even takes up the Grecian fable to express his musical utterances—Daphne's heart beneath the bark is throbbing."

But the voices and the signs are everywhere. Spring scarcely appears before she is lost; you scarcely name her ere summer appears, like an angel in the opening heavens. The first of May arrives. In some of the northern kingdoms the Beltani and the Wolmar fires usher it in. May is eager with his salutation of the sun. Perhaps there is not on this early day the wide smile abroad on nature that satisfies the heart. You recall and mutter to yourself the scolding that the Queen of Spring gives her son in Frederika Bremer's verses:

"The first of May! Alack the day!
Art not ashamed, thou wicked boy?
Weeping still! Damp and chill!
Dost thou come Looking glum—
Marring all our hope and joy?"

But May bears not the reproof quietly; she accuses April; April accuses March; and so the blame is thrown on the tarrying feet of the previous months; their tempers would not be softened; they

would storm. However, May will duly and faithfully perform the part; bear quite away the grave-stone ice from the bier of the year; take off its shroud of snow, and bid the spirit come forth. Man eagerly greets each brightening day, and the ripening hours—each minute sweeter than before. A single revolution seems to accomplish all. Summer is here in triumph and delight; the earth is not only awake, but moves in living passion, and pours forth from her cornucopia flowers and fruits all the more rapidly because of this long withholding. Man exults with exulting nature. Nothing like this thrilling and abounding time illustrates how the soul can break its fetters of custom and lethargic indifference when the hour of inspiration comes. Then, as we have mentioned, comes nature's high festival, Midsummer, and the doings and the songs of the time tell more of orient sympathies than words of poet, or philologist, or philosopher."

Ha ha! dear friend, we have told you much; but you'll learn it all, and much more. No dream—no picture that the eyes make when they're shut have we described. All, if not cold and sober, is, at least, genial and enthusiastic fact. And to know it all, and tell us how you like it all, we leave you—sailing up the solemn Ongerman in the evening shadows—until we meet again at Skönvik.

THE MILLER OF EAMONT BRIDGE:

A WESTMORELAND TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," "The Water Tower," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THE miller and his wife were in the apartment in which we first introduced them to our readers. They had been discussing some point not very amicably, and Mrs. Gurnett had spoken in a loud voice, and she had, with a total oblivion of that portion of her marriage vows which commanded her to honour her husband, informed Yack Gurnett that he was a fool, when the conjugal dispute was suddenly put an end to by the abrupt entrance of a third party, whose singular appearance provoked a cry of surprise from Mrs. Gurnett.

The new-comer was a short, spare, mean-looking man, with small, greenish-looking grey eyes and wizened face, pitted with small-pox, and distorted on the present occasion with anger. His brown scratch-wig was all awry, and from it a stream of water trickled down his face in rivulets, his rusty black clothes were drenched, and his progress along the stone floor was marked by a track of wet.

"Drat the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Gurnett, when she could speak, for her breath had become rather exhausted during her altercation with her husband; "dunnot come in here like a drowned rat, messing the place i' this fashion, when all's been tided up."

"I'm half dead, ma'am," gasped the unfortunate individual, as he steadied himself with the back of a chair. "Your daughter, Mr. Gurnett, is the cause of this. I shall be laid up for weeks—I shall have the ague—I shall have rheumatism in all my bones"

"Where have you been, Willis?" growled the miller, who, being in an ill-temper, seemed in no way disposed to pity his visitor's wretched condition. "Hast been in the duck-pond?"

"In the garden, sir," replied Mr. Willis, his voice trembling with suppressed passion, "under your daughter's window. Of malice aforethought, she emptied the contents of a water-jug upon me. I shall be laid up for months, Mr. Gurnett; and what's to compensate me for the loss of my practice, sir?"

"Why can't ye go in and out o' people's houses like other folk? Ye make a woundy pother about a drop o' water," replied the miller, savagely, his soul recoiling at the word 'compensation,' "'stead of skulking about in all sort of holes, and out-o'-the-way places."

"Set yourself down; you look for a' the world like nowt else but a scarecrow!" said Mrs. Gurnett, addressing the lawyer, sharply. "I'll

gie ye a cloth, and ye can rub yoursel' down. And prythee do stop chatterin' wi' your teeth i' that fashion, just like a school-boy that's frighted wi' going through a grave-yard.—Yack," she added, turning to her husband, "you had best go and see what devilry your girl's after upstairs."

In obedience to this mandate, the miller left the room.

Just after he had gone, there was a smart rap at the door, and in answer to Mrs. Gurnett's sharp "Come in," there entered on the scene John Clifton—gay, handsome John Clifton.

John no sooner caught sight of Mr. Willis in so wretched a plight than he threw himself into a mock attitude of wonder and surprise, and distorted his features into an exaggerated expression of pity and concern.

"Ods heart! what brings you here at this time, Mr. John Clifton?" asked Mrs. Gurnett, in anything but an amiable tone.

"My dear madam," said John, with an assumed air of gallantry "how can you ask? Of course, I came to see you."

"Then I would just as leave you'd have kept away," said Mrs. Gurnett, snappishly.

"Poor Mr. Willis!" ejaculated John, in a pitying tone, for which the object of his commiseration could have slain him; "what has put him in that wretched plight?"

"'Tis only a prank of Mary's," replied Mrs. Gurnett.

"Only a prank?" exclaimed the wretched Willis, in an ill-used tone, as he dr ed his face with the cloth Mrs. Gurnett had given him. "Well, ma'am, I hope I mayn't suffer severely for it, that's all; and putting aside the danger to my health, my feelings have been grossly outraged. Your stepdaughter, ma'am, insulted me; she called me Bump Willis!"

"Well, that's nothing."

A thoughtless speech this on the part of Mrs. Gurnett, as she knew that to be called Bump was a cruel laceration to the feelings of Mr. Willis. Indeed, that gentleman suffered much from the knowledge that the villagers and others did, on every possible occasion, call him by this odious nickname behind his back.

"Oh, it may be nothing to you, ma'am; but I don't like liberties taken wi' my name. It is Bompas, ma'am. I was called Bompas after a very distinguished lawyer, and a great friend of my late father, too, I'll assure you, ma'am," said Willis, pompously.

"Too bad! it's really too bad!" interposed John, with affected gravity and condolence. "It is shocktng treatment for a gentleman to receive. To be drenched through to the skin and insulted with an ugly bye-name! But isn't it actionable, Mr. Willis? You know our friend Mr, Gurnett is a man of substance; he can pay."

"Thank you very much, Mr. John Clifton, you are very kind to your friends," said the miller, who at that moment was entering the room; "but I would thank you to keep your advice to yourself until it is asked. Mr. Willis knows well enough how to draw money out o' folks' pockets without being put up to it. And as to my being a man of substance, as you ca' me, John Clifton," continued the miller, sharply, "I

am not such a rich man as folk wad make me; but I don't scatter, my money broad-cast, like some I know of, nor sit wi' my hands afore me, brooding over books all day, like others; the end of which is very often the same in both cases, and that's beggary."

John Clifton looked scrutinisingly at the miller, whose closing remarks he well knew referred to himself and Mr. Cheney. He could laugh on his own account, but he felt the gravest apprehensions on the score of Helen Cheney's poor old father, whom he suspected to be greatly in the power of the miller, as he watched the malevolent expression of that worthy's countenance.

"Come, we have had enow' o' this prate," exclaimed Mrs. Gurnett 'Tis nigh on to supper-time. Will ye stay and hev a snack wi' us, Mr. John?" she added, knowing well that such an invitation would be gall and wormwood to the miller's penurious soul.

"Eyh, that will I, with pleasure," answered John, who perfectly well understood that amiable dame's motives for inviting him, and was uncharitably enough disposed to be willing, on his side, to plague the master of the house. "I have been to Penrith, and am going to spend the night at the Cheneys'. But Grandy Gandy doesn't understand cooking good cheer, like you, Mrs. Gurnett. There's ne'er such a housekeeper 'twixt this and Shap as Mrs. Gurnett; no one can gainsay that."

"Get along wi' ye," answered the lady, gratified nevertheless with the flattery, even though it came from the obnoxious John Clifton. "Howsomever, if you've gotten a good appetite I'll gie you a good supper."

"I'm as hungry as a hound," replied John, to the manifest annoyance and consternation of the miller, who, though he dearly loved good cheer himself, had no fancy to entertain others with it at his own expense.

"We had a prime fat Michaelmas goose to dinner to-day, and I reckon 'twill make a very good supper for us," said the amiable Mrs. Gurnett, looking defiantly and with a spiteful smile at her spouse, who, as she well knew, had intended to dine off this same goose the next day.

"A goose is a very awkward bird," interposed John, perceiving from the interchange of glances between the good couple what their respective sentiments were on the subject of the goose, and intending to amuse himself by still more torturing the thrifty miller; "it is too little for one, and too much or two."

Mrs. Gurnett, laughing, bustled out of the room, and soon returned, followed by Ann Settle, as old Judith had been despatched to Mary's room. With the assistance of her handmaiden the board was soon spread with all the choicest and best viands the house could afford. The miller's passion grew to a white heat as he saw in succession the goose, his best home-brewed, the rich old cheese which he kept for his own special eating, and even a hitherto jealously guarded bottle of West Indian pickles.

"Come, take your seats and fall to," said Mrs. Gurnett, preparing to dissect the goose.

The company seated themselves at table, Ann being placed next to John Clifton, which made her blush rosy red, and caused her heart to bound painfully; whilst the handsome young farmer, alas! greeted her in a friendly but unconcerned manner. He had never, indeed, given the poor girl any serious encouragement, and if he had ever felt any sentiments of a more tender kind for her it had now ceased to exist. His question, put to the miller, as to whether Mary might not join them, and his remark that it was so long since he had seen her, caused a painful emotion in Ann Settle's bosom, though she argued with herself that it was impossible John Clifton could be in love with a girl almost insane.

"We have had enow of Mary the night," answered the miller, sullenly; let her be."

"A splendid goose this!" exclaimed John, who was clearing his plate rapidly, to the great inward rage of his host.

"Shall I gie ye a bit more stuffing?" inquired Mrs. Gurnett, who had never appeared in a more hospitable mood.

When John finally pushed away his plate, and Ann was bid remove the goose, Yack Gurnett saw with wrathful eyes little better than its skeleton on the dish. He now watched with trepidation John's repeated attacks upon his fine cheese, instigated by his own wife, and promptly responded to by the visitor. It seemed as though the wife of his bosom and this audacious young farmer were in league to drive him mad.

"Adzooks, John Clifton!" he exclaimed at length, unable to contain himself longer, and with the view to save, if possible, his darling cheese, even at the risk of having, as Grandy Gandy would say, 'his locks combed by his wife that night.' "Do you know that that cheese stood me in elevenpence three farthings a pound?"

"Eyh, did it though?" replied John, with well-assumed simplicity, appearing to misunderstand the miller's hint; "and it's worth it, every hap'orth o't, Mr. Gurnett," and as he spoke he helped himself to another large slice with the most provoking indifference, the miller looking on with scarcely restrained rage,

But his powers of endurance, or rather, we must confess it, his fears of his wife, were tested to the full after the cloth was removed. Hoping now to escape any further extravagance than the consumption of two or three glasses of punch, he commenced brewing a bowl of that then very customary beverage, which, with the object of saving more costly drink, he strongly recommended to his guests, as being composed of the best overproof old Jamaica rum, in which, he assured them, oil would sink. To his chagrin and astonishment, however, his amiable spouse, ignoring all his encomiums on the rum-punch, turned to John, and said in her most dulcet tones,

'Now, Mr. John Clifton, which wad ye prefer, punch or wine?"

"Oh, wine by all means!" replied the young farmer, seeing with suppressed mirth his host turn absolutely pale at this threatened invasion of his cellar.

"Very well, Mrs. Gurnett; very well, ma'am," exclaimed the miller at last, in a trembling and half-stifled voice; "perhaps you will be so

obliging as to tell me what wine you are going to take out. Maybe some of our good home-made birch will serve you?"

"Marry, come up! birch wine indeed!" replied Mrs. Gurnett disdainfully; "I'd scorn to treat a guest in such a scurvy fashion. No, no, Mr. John Clifton, when you go to Mr. Cheney to-night, tho' he does hold his head up so high, ye may say I didn't put you off wi' any sort o rubbish. Ods bodikins, ye shall taste rare white port o' the most approved vintage, as my master there says; an' ye may tell it's good, for it cost thirty shillings a dozen. I'll go myself and fetch a bottle of it."

And, with a spiteful toss of her head and smile at her husband, she did so; and John tipped off several glasses of the good wine, while the discomfited miller and his complaisant attorney, Bump Willis, confined their potations to the rum-punch; at length the former, emboldened by the potent liquor, spoke out some of his mind to his amiable spouse, whereupon the worthy couple had several passages of arms together; but the miller, primed as he was, was not victorious; so that John Clifton, laughing to himself, said, as he left the mill that night: "Eyh! but she did 'comb his locks for him!'"

CHAPTER VII.

RALPH CHENEY.

On the Westmoreland side of the ancient, narrow, steep bridge over the Eamont, near Penrith, stood a large square house. It was on the highway to Shap, and was in the close vicinity of no less famous a place than King Arthur's Round Table; for thus was designated, by the inhabitants at Eamont Bridge, a spacious circular mound of green turf, but which Mr. Cheney, sceptical of the existence of the renowned British king and his knights, insists, with the obstinacy of an antiquary, was the site of a Roman camp. In this old square-built, rough-cast house lived this same Ralph Cheney, a scholar and a gentleman of unblemished descent, and there his father and his grandfather had also dwelt all their lives; but how long their descendant would continue to inhabit its walls was a matter of doubt, for, if report spoke true, there was every chance of its passing into other hands, along with the remnant of land which Ralph Cheney yet retained in that place, where his ancestors had, for centuries, owned many broad acres.

The house itself was large and commodious, with many windows to the front, each one faced round with stone, and the small panes of glass set in heavy wooden framework, the middle window opening out on to a large and roomy porch, whose flat roof was protected by a handsome stone balustrade; on the ground below there was a stone seat on either side of this porch, and a strong oaken door in its centre gave entrance to the house.

A broad strip of garden, full of bright-tinted flowers and shady trees, divided the house from the highway, and, at its back—through the

dark foliage of the chestnut, the drooping boughs of the willow, and the broad leaves of the sycamore, now changing to a golden brown—there was a passing glimpse of the river, looking like a mirror set between green banks, with the branches of the trees forming arches above; whilst far in the distance, the outlines of the hills, a soft and greyish blue, lost in feathery clouds, bounded the horizon.

The Cheneys had been a wealthy family, but they had been implicated in the disastrous attempt in favour of the unfortunate Stuarts in '45. Staunch and loyal Jacobites, they made so little secret of their attachment and inclinations that not only did they risk their possessions, but their very lives were put in jeopardy. A large slice of their estate had been disposed of to pay the lawyers to save the remainder, and their necks as well, which was only effected with difficulty, there being no conclusive evidence against them of any "overt act." Thus the Cheneys became impoverished; and, we must confess it, under the management of their descendent, Ralph, their possessions dwindled away still more and more.

This had not been the case with the Cliftons. They, as we have before stated, had been substantial Westmoreland statesmen for some generations back, but were sprung from a younger branch of an ancient house, and being also Jacobites, had suffered severely. The father of widow Clifton's late husband and Ralph Cheney's father had been sworn friends and brothers in politics; but the widow's husband had made money by farming, and thus had won back all that had been lost of his estate; whereas the scholar had buried himself amongs this books, and as long as he could pore over their dearly-loved pages, what cared he for wealth or its attendant luxuries. His servants had dwindled down to his faithful old housekeeper, Grandy Gandy, the daughter of an old retainer of the Cheneys, and a rough, country wench; his furniture was old and worn, his dress faded and shabby, and a few acres of land surrounding his house, mortgaged to Yack Gurnett. But what matter? these things did not seem to trouble him. Shut up in his study, a dark, sombre-looking room at the back of the house, he pored over worm-eaten volumes and huge folios, heedless of all the world without, save that sometimes the thought of Helen's future, whom he dearly loved, would break through the torpor that rendered him insensible to the darkness of his prospects.

This indifference increased from the time when Richard Clifton asked her hand in marriage. She would be provided for, and the Cliftons were a family well off in the world, so it would not matter if his child were portionless. Helen, however, felt far differently. She feared that absolute beggary might be her father's lot, and her duty she felt must be to stay by him and work for him when that hour should come, and not contentedly to resign herself to the prospect of seeing him a dependant on the Cliftons', dearly-loved and tried friends, but not, for that very reason, to be too hardly pressed.

These motives had made Helen halt long e'er she would listen to Richard Clifton's suit, and even afterwards she remained firm in her determination not to consent to his proposal, backed as it was by his

mother and his family, that she should become his wife before he sailed in the "Bonny Betty." The scholar kept late hours; long after midnight a candle would be burning on the study table, and he, perhaps, would not seek his bed till daylight, spite of the entreaties of his daughter, who feared for his health, and the remonstrances of Grandy Gandy, who fretted over the consumption of mould candles. As a consequence of these midnight studies, he came always late down to breakfast, and on the morning after John Clifton's visit to the miller's house, when the farmer entered the large old-fashioned dining-room, there was no one there save Grandy Gandy, who was just removing from the four-legged dark mahogany table, a green woollen cloth embroidered with yellow, but now old and faded, and much spotted with ink.

Helen, herself, was in the kitchen, preparing a little better breakfast, on account of their guest, than her father's impoverished circumstances allowed them to indulge in when alone.

The furniture in the room, with the bright morning sun pouring full upon it, looked unusually faded and shabby. The square of old Turkey carpet covering the middle of the floor had scarcely a vestige of colour left in it, and the green baize round the sides of the room, was worn into holes in many places. The window-curtains of coloured cotton-edged with dark fringe, had equally lost all traces of their original hues.

"Has Mr. Cheney got any more new books, Grandy?" asked John Clifton, as he stood before a bookcase of dark mahogany, with many volumes ranged irregularly on its shelves.

"Hey-day, Mr. John," answered the old housekeeper, as she suspended her operation of laying a white cloth on the table. "Don't you think my dear master has books enow? It's a fine thing to be a scholard, but wad it not be better to turn some of these books into guineas, and settle wi' Yack Gurnett and that thieving rascal of a lawyer, Bump Willis?"

John shook his head:

"If Mr. Cheney would part with them, Grandy, he wad get little by them."

"Good-lack-a-day, and he has spent a fortune buying o' them."

At that moment Ellen entered the room, followed by Jenny, their young servant, bearing a tray, from which the old housekeeper took sundry cups and saucers and others etceteras, whilst Helen, drawing one of the old-fashioned cane-seated chairs, painted black and studded with brass nails, to the head of the table, made coffee in a tall silver, pot, a relic of her father's better days.

"And so you were up at th' mill, last night, Mr. John, said Grandy as she marshalled the old-fashioned china on the table, manipulating with particular care a large blue dish, with a wonderful centrepiece depicted on it, representing a Chinese holding over his head an exaggerated umbrella.

"Fine doings there, I warrant, wi' yon stuck-up madame, the miller's ta'en for his second wife. Marry come up, there's nowt good enow for her. Ads my life, she mun bedizen hersel' wi' fine clothes, forsooth, that brought ne'r a penny to her husband! and poor Mrs. Jane Gurnett

that's dead—May she rest in peace," interjaculated the old woman, devoutly crossing herself, for she was of the old faith—"though she had a good fortune of her own, might wear home-spun, and never get a kind word fro' her cross-grained, hard-hearted man. Ad zooks, but madame pays him off now. He's made a fine bargain. She combs his locks for him."

And the old woman jerked down the black hafted knives and three pronged forks on the table, in a manner that shewed her vexation.

"What, Gandy! are you on the old story again?" asked a pleasant voice behind her, the voice of Ralph Cheney, who was just entering the room.

A tall, handsome old man was the scholar, courteous and polished in his manners, and noble and distinguished in his appearance, spite of his neglected and even shabby attire; an old faded silk morning gown, much worn and frayed, thin, rusty, knee breeches, and a tie-periwig scantily besprinkled with flour from his dredging-box, and, consequently, not very white.

"You have no love for Yack Gurnett, Gandy," added Mr. Cheney, taking his seat; "but be satisfied, for, according to your own account, he is being sufficiently punished."

"I should be content enow' if't were not for poor Mary," replied Grandy; "but, lack-a-day, when I think o' that lass, my heart fairly bleeds. Jane Gurnett couldn't rest in her grave if she knew how her child was half fed, and ill clothed, and locked up, just like a prisoner, while yon madame, wi' her horse and fine pillion, goes flaunting about like a queen. Marry come up! say I."

"Nay, Grandy," said Mr. Cheney, looking sad and troubled, "let us hope 'tis not as bad as you say. Yack Gurnett cannot be quite so hard-hearted to his only child."

"He's as hard as a flint," muttered Grandy, "and he's backed up by his wife; and, lack-a-daisy, there's not a soul to say a word for the girl but yon sauce-box, Ann Settle, and that's the only thing I love the wench for. But that don't argufy at all."

"So unfortunate and so friendless," sighed Ralph Cheney, as he looked thoughtfully at John. "Poor Mary, she has, indeed, no one to befriend her; I would, if I had the power, both from pity for herself, and on her mother's account—she and my dear dead wife were like fondly attached sisters rather than cousins. But, John," added Mr. Cheney, as his housekeeper left the room, "what can I do against the girl's own father? and you know I am in that position, with regard to Yack Gurnett, that I cannot speak my mind. I think Grandy exaggerates; but, still, I must fear Mary is not well treated, and harsh treatment and cruelty will go far to destroy all chance of her ever regaining her intellect."

"Would she, in any case?" asked John.

"I believe even after all these years of neglect," replied Mr. Cheney, "that, with good management, she might yet recover. She is young and of vigorous constitution, and, as her mental aberation has been

solely caused by the epileptic fits, she might yet recover if properly treated. But, as her mind is such a total wreck, there may be a softening of the brain, and the greatest care ought to be taken to keep her in good health, and give her cheerful company."

"And what company does she get, the poor child?" asked Grandy, who had re-entered the room with a plate of crisp Westmoreland oat-cake, and with the freedom of an old and faithful servant, did not refrain from taking her share in the discussion.

"Bump Willis, forsooth! ods bodikins, he's nice company, truly! I reckon he's the only company Yack will let eat and drink at his expense; then, you see, Bump pays for it in a' sorts o' ways, because he and i' miller can talk o' a bowl o' evenings. Ods bobs, owd Yack doesn't see what's going on under his very nose! Howsomever, that don't argufy." And Grandy laughed a scornful little laugh, as she smothered down her apron.

"And what's that, Grandy?" asked John, with a smile.

"I knows what I knows," replied the old dame as she was leaving the room, "and I know who wad be master of Eamont Bridge Mill, if aught happened, Yack Gurnett."

"Nay, Grandy," answered John, joining in the laughter of it. "Cheney and his daughter, at the housekeeper's suggestion of love passages betwixt the miller's wife and the lawyer. "You are wrong, there, I believe, such a good looking, handsome woman as Mrs. Gurnett wouldn't take such an ill-favoured, faithful, sneaking fellow as the lawyer."

"There's no accounting for tastes," replied the housekeeper; "but 'bide a-bit, an' you'll see."

"To return to what I was saying," said Mr. Cheney, when the garrulous old servant had again left the room, "Mary's imbecility is of such a perfectly harmless character, she is so very tractable and contented, as is so affectionately disposed, that rigorous and severe treatment is a downright cruelty. There is no reason for it; it is quite unwarrantable, and it must be very injurious to the poor girl."

"I wish they would let me see her, if only now and then," said Helen; "but she used to be very fond of you, John, when we were children. I dare say she remembers you. Couldn't you see her?"

"Aye, that would I," answered John, briskly; "and we will see, Mary. They have always kept her out of the way, of late years, whenever any of us have chanced to call upon them; but winter is coming on, and that's not a very brisk time for farmers, so I'll plague them with my company at the mill now and again. Yack won't forbid me the house, as long as he think's there's a chance of twisting me to his mind about that land of ours, at Shap, that he would like to have. I'm glad, John, you have turned over a new leaf," said Mr. Cheney, "and that there's no chance in your case," he added, with a sigh for himself, "of the miller stepping into the inheritance of your fathers. Your mother had told me how you have put your shoulder to the wheel of late, and I hear on all sides what a capital farmer you have been; but I see you still like to be something of a beau—a 'pretty fellow,' as we say."

And here Mr. Cheney surveyed with a comical smile John's fine top boots and elaborate toilette—too elaborate, it must be owned, for a farmer.

"There are no sumptuary laws now, papa," interrupted Helen, with a smile.

"'Tis a pity there are not; but I don't refer by that remark to you, John; for though you do farm, the land is your own, and as you come of a good stock, you have a right to dress like a gentleman. There was a time when dress and outside appearance did convey some correct idea of a man's rank; but that time is gone, and in these days none dress according to their station."

"Papa, pray tell me how you were deceived in London, by judging of people from dress," said Helen.

"Do let me have the benefit of your experience," eagerly asked the young man of Mr. Cheney. "It would be worth something to hear of London doings."

"London, my young friend, is the centre of fashion, and many of the fashionables carry a fortune on their backs; but John, all the smart folks do not occupy the position in society their dress might lead you to suppose, One day I saw an elegantly dressed gentleman, who, from his appearance, you might have thought was some nobleman or one of the ministry. He took snuff with an air of consequence, from a gold snuff-box, drew out from his fob a handsome, embossed gold watch, to which was suspended a gold chain with a cluster of seals, to see the time, called his carriage, and ordered a coachman, in a majestic tone, to drive to St. James's Street. Now, who do you think this man was?"

"Well, I cannot possibly guess."

"He was neither more nor less," continued old Cheney, "than a linen-draper; he failed a few weeks later, and paid the creditors the magnificent sum of half-a-crown in the pound."

"I should have been taken in there," said John, laughing, "had I judged of this man from his air and fine equipage."

"Indeed, you would have been," replied the old scholar. "But, though you may not be able to judge a man correctly by his smart clothes and fine equipage, nevertheless, people do form in their minds a sort of scale of merit from those things, and rank a man accordingly. Who condescends to look at the man with a shabby, worn-out coat on his back, and a plainly dressed man is not thought to be worth much more; but the man who wears lace and embroidery is far superior. Then the man who rides his horse is more considered than he who goes on foot; and better yet if the horseman is attended by a mounted servant; but the gentleman on horseback cannot compete with those who ride in their carriages; and these, again, are divided into classes; the apothecary-looking chariot meets with little favour alongside my lord's equipage."

"Can we know nothing of a man's rank by looking at him?" asked John, with an amused air.

"Well," said Mr. Cheney, "there are persons who pretend to know the rank and position in society of others, both from their dress and

features also; but sometimes," he added, with a comical laugh, "odd mistakes arise from people of low birth and large fortunes aping their betters. Now, there is Lady Primrose, one of the few friends I have in London, she thinks herself vastly clever in judging of the rank of people only by looking at them, and she fancies that she classes her company very properly on visiting days. But, egad! she is taken in sometimes. One evening she danced with a fellow, at a public assembly, who turned out to be a hair-dresser; and on another occasion she was handed to her carriage at the opera by a person of high distinction, as she imagined, but who proved to be a gentleman's gentleman to a bishop!" and here the old gentleman burst out into a hearty laugh.

"I am afraid, sir," said John, laughing, too, "if you dressed no better in London than you do here, to Helen's great distress, Lady Primrose would have put you very low down in the scale if she had not known you."

"Well, I powdered my wig plentifully," answered Mr. Cheney, "and one of our best Penrith tailors made me a blue coat with silk covered buttons, which I thought vastly too smart for an old book-worm like me, and I put my largest and best cut-steel buckles on my shoes; but, after all, I made but a sorry figure in London."

"Amongst the fine dressed people there, I suppose, you mean."

"Just so," continued Mr. Cheney. "But my Lady Primrose herself does not always judge of people from their outside adornments; for, on my second visit there, I met a man whom, to judge from his dress, you would have though a pauper, come to solicit her charity—a poor author, perhaps, or a poet. He was a wretched-looking being, with a thread-bare coat, a dirty, crumpled, yellow-washed shirtfrill, sticking out from his breast, and a hat and wig that a Jew would not pick up in the streets. Well, that very man, John, as she told me after he left, had a hundred thousand pounds in the Funds, and, to use his own boast, 'could buy and sell all this company,' only he never bought anything unless he could get three times its value by selling it again. He was a retired city merchant, but he still trafficked on the Stock Exchange, and I suspect he helps my Lady Primrose to do the same; for they were both lamenting that the success of the French on the Rhine had given the Funds such a confounded tumble. You would hardly believe that this man, with all his wealth, does not spend a larger sum than fourpence for his dinner at a common eating-house."

"Well, I must say," replied John, greatly amused, "I should have been taken in again."

"I don't doubt it," replied the scholar. "And now, before I go to my work, I will finish my narration of my London experience, by telling you another comical mistake I made in judging of men from outside appearances. My girl, there, always looks solemn when I tell this tale."

"Really, papa, it is too bad; you know you ought not to reflect upon the clergy," interposed Helen, holding up her finger reproachfully.

"My dear, I yield to no man in respect for the cloth. My ancestors have always stood up for Church and King—the right King, I mean, John," said Mr. Cheney, with a smile. "And your ancestors, too, have ever been loyal and true. Now, there is our parson here; you know, Helen, how greatly we respect him; he is as good a man as ever lived; and so is Parson Lawson, though he does like an otter-hunt, for which that canting old Methodist, Patterdale, calls him one of the unregenerate—he might do worse than go to an otter-hunt."

"Yes," said John, eagerly; "but the tale, sir; pray tell me the tale."

"Well, I was walking one day in St. James's Park when I met a gay, spruce young fellow with top boots, buckskin breeches and a whip, smart white Florentine vest, and his head dressed *à la Brutus*, in the height of fashion, he was very attentive to the ladies, and now and then, purely to entertain them, of course, rapped out a few oaths, and told a monstrous good story, which he accompanied with a horse-laugh. Any one would have fancied that this was some lord or sprig of fashion. But who do you think he was?"

"Do you ask me who he was?" answered John, with an assumed snuffle, in imitation of Patterdale's canting tone of voice. "Lack-a-day! I wot, my beloved, he was one of those men whose work should be praying, reading, expounding the Scriptures, and singing hymns, but who love not such-like things; but, alack, he was one of the unregenerate!"

"Truly, John, thy wit is sharp; thou hast hit the mark," said Mr. Cheney, rising to repair to his dearly-loved study. Yes, this was one of our good friend Lawson's cloth—a reverend clergyman, to whom my Lord Hilover, his former schoolfellow, had just given a good fat living. And, by-the-bye, the divine had fought a duel and winged his man, too!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STUDY.

When Mr. Cheney had entered his study, he proceeded to seat himself at a table near the window, and then opening an old-fashioned, brass-bound writing desk, lined inside with green baize, he took out some loose leaves of paper, closely written over, which he was about to peruse, when he was momentarily disturbed by the sight of a letter written on blue paper, which he had, indeed, received some time previously.

He glanced over the contents, as he occasionally had done before, and then, with an impatient exclamation, and the words: "Bah, there is plenty of time yet for me to get the money in," spoken half aloud, he consigned the obnoxious paper to the secret drawer of his desk.

Yet this paper contained the key-note to Mr. Cheney's troubles, the secret of Helen's constant fear and apprehension. That knowledge embittered every moment of her life, whilst her father, engrossed in his

books and his literary labours, thought little of the relentless fate which was ever dogging his footsteps in the shape of Yack Gurnett, aided and abetted by Bump Willis. Now, though Mr. Cheney was not a man to make money, yet being of simple tastes, and not addicted to any kind of extravagance, he would have been able to live comfortably on the small remains of the family property, and to bequeath it to his child, had it not been for a misfortune which happened to him, from no fault of his own.

We said just now that he had suffered through no fault of his own, we must retract that observation, for in leaving the management of affairs wholly and solely to his co-trustee, he acted both imprudently an carelessly, and he consequently reaped a bitter harvest. The other trustee fraudulently appropriated a large portion of the trust money, then fled the country, leaving the hard duty of making his villany good and replacing the money to Mr. Cheney alone.

Helen's education was fortunately finished before this sad loss took place, but her father soon found himself compelled to mortgage the miserable remnant of his property, and with great apparent sympathy and good will, Yack Gurnett offered to lend him £1000 on the security of it.

Thus did Mr. Cheney become involved in that fatal web, from which there seemed no possible escape, whilst Bump Willis drew the meshes closer an d closer around the victim.

For the first two years Mr. Cheney had paid the interest pretty regularly, then he began to let it fall into arrears, till finally Bump Willis had served him with the notice we have seen him thrust so hastily into his desk, and which was to the effect that if both principal and interest were not paid on a certain day, he, Willis, would take legal proceedings to foreclose the power of redeeming the estate, and would obtain possession of it for the miller.

Now, apathetic as Mr. Cheney usually was, where pecuniary matters were concerned, still, at times, he would become fully alive to his position, and in his study would rake his brains for means to relieve him from this pressing emergency.

On one of these occasions he suddenly conceived an idea which became the more promising the more he thought over it.

He had been engaged for some years on a work, the fruits of much research and labour, and which he had entitled "The Druidical and Christian History and Antiquities of Westmoreland." This voluminous work he would hasten to bring to a conclusion, then he would go up to London and offer it himself to some eminent publisher, who, he nothing doubted, would accept it with rapture, and pay for it. Poor Mr. Cheney! he had passed his seventh decade of years, and now he became fired with all the enthusiasm and sanguine aspirations of a young author. His ambitious hopes soared higher and higher. The first edition of his work would be rapidly sold out, there would be a call for another edition, and then again for another, and another. The publisher would raise the price of the work upon every new edition to a

fabulous sum, and he, Ralph Cheney, would raise his fallen house from dust and ruin to wealth and fame.

Eager to complete his task, Mr. Cheney toiled day and night, spite of the entreaties of his daughter and the remonstrances of Grandy Gandy. Hour after hour he would sit in his study, and nothing would be heard but the crackling of his goose quill over the page, and the rustle of the leaves as he turned them over. Never had his midnight hours of labour been so prolonged; never had there been such a wholesale consumption of mould candles. On one occasion, when the good old housekeeper had crept stealthily in, she had discovered the top of her master's periwig in flames, and he, all unconscious, with spectacles on nose, vigorously scratching away with his quill.

At last the precious manuscript was completed; Helen was bid prepare and pack his scanty wardrobe, and putting a slender stock of money into his purse, Mr. Cheney started in the stage-coach for London, guarding his treasure, deposited in a small hair travelling trunk, as jealously as he had, in former days, guarded the fragment of stone corbel from the ruins of Shap, which the footpad had tried to deprive him of.

Arrived in London, he had at once, through an old friend, obtained audience of an eminent publisher; but in the dimly-lighted little room, littered with books and pamphlets, which that gentleman called his office, Mr. Cheney's hopes underwent a sudden reversal. From torrid they fell down to freezing-point, and, as he listened to the publisher's remarks, he sat as though stupified. This gentleman addressed him almost in the very words the bookseller addressed our old friend, Parson Adams, when he wanted his sermon published.

"History and antiquities, mere drugs, my dear sir; the trade is so vastly stored with them that, unless they come out with the name of some great man on the title-page, we do not care to touch them, especially when our hands are full, as they are now. However, as you have so high an introduction to me as that of my esteemed friend, Dr. Scriblerius, I will take the manuscript home with me, and send you my opinion in a short time. If it was a play now, my dear sir, that had had a long run, or a novel, like some of Richardson's, or Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' I should be safe to take it. Romance writing is the only branch of our business that is worth following, and we scarcely care what we bid for this sort of work, especially if it is seasoned with a spice of scandal, or a little freedom, a little licence—you understand? The demand for these is so great that we advertise them by wholesale; but, as for works of learning, and that sort of thing, the market is overocked, it really is; and there is, my dear sir, I do assure you, no encouragement to merit."

Upon this, to a scholar, astounding piece of information, Mr. Cheney could with difficulty refrain from showing some indignation.

"You do not, surely, my dear sir, mean to intimate to me that a superficial novel is held in higher estimation than a work of learning? The age has now a taste for reading, sir, and for reading useful and instructive books, I believe."

"But, my good sir, it don't pay to publish them," calmly interposed the bookseller.

"Any fool, sir," said Mr. Cheney, interrupting him, "can produce a novel—no genius is required for that; the heaps of trash that are incessantly poured out of our established manufactories of novels proves what I assert. What are the materials of a modern novel, let me ask you?" continued the scholar, waxing warm on his subject. "Why, a young lady falls in love with a high-spirited gentleman, who is opposed by her parents; the brother, who knows nothing of his sister's amour, brings down from college some gay lord or baronet, just come of age, who, of course, falls in love with the young lady; the mother is on the side of the daughter, but the father takes part with the title and fine estate; then the brother falls in love with his sister's friend, very poor, very beautiful, very sentimental, and an orphan—who, however, turns out at last to be the daughter of *a somebody;* there is a maiden aunt, adicted to religion and brandy, who contrives to spoil everybody's sport, and plans and schemes are frustrated for a time; a faithful old steward, a park, swords and pistols, and a duel or two, a summer-house at the bottom of a garden, intercepted letters, post-chaises, and a run-away marriage, every one made happy. Mix up all these ingredients, *secundum artem*, and the critics will say that you have manufactured 'an interesting novel, full of sentiment, pathos, and sublimity.'"

The publisher smiled and bowed politely, and intimated to Mr. Cheney that he might find it more profitable to turn his talent to novel-writing.

The end of the conference in the dingy little room littered with pamphlets and papers was that the publisher intimated to Mr. Cheney that he dared not venture to offer more than £5 for his work, a sum which that gentleman indignantly refused, for it would not, in fact, have paid the expense of his journey to London.

So Mr. Cheney came back with his loved work still in his possession, to make sundry additions and improvements to the hastily finished manuscript, to stuff the lawyer's obnoxious missive into the secret depths of his desk, and to indulge in delusive hopes of meeting with some other publisher of more taste and discernment, who would enable him to pay off the principal and interest, and so redeem his mortgage before the time of grace yet left should expire.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOVERS.

Only a few days had elapsed since John Clifton's visit to Mr. Cheney's house, when he once more made his appearance at that gentleman's residence—this time, however, in company with the individual, politely designated by the second Mrs. Gurnett, "owd red head." The two brothers had driven over from Shap in their gig, and their mission was to beg Mr. Cheney to allow Helen to return home with

hem, and then accompany the whole family on the following day to Lancaster, from whence the "Bonny Betty" was to sail in three day's time.

Helen was busy sewing in the dining room, in the deep recess of one of the windows, sad and pre-occupied, she now and then paused in her work, and looked out thoughtfully into the garden beneath where the leaves of the fine old chestnuts were now streaked with scarlet and yellow, and the beds all aglow with the rich dark tints of the flowers she tended with such care and solicitude.

Every tree and shrub in that old-fashioned garden was dear to Helen's heart, from the giant beeches, under whose branches she had played as a child, to the quaint yew beneath the window at which she was now seated, cut into the form of a peacock with tail outspread, the wonder and delight of her childish days.

Infinitely dear was that old home to Helen, dull and faded and gloomy though it might appear to others. It was peopled with fond recollections of the mother so long dead, but never forgotten, whose memory was ever green and fresh in the memory of her daughter.

Poor Helen! well might she look sad, when the thought was ever in her mind—"In a few short months we may be homeless."

"Good lack-a-daisy!" ejaculated Grandy Gandy, who was busy with a flannel and beeswax, polishing the old mahogany dining-table, and exclaiming at the same time against the laziness of her young coadjutor below stairs, "there's the noise of wheels on the gravel; who can it be, miss?"

Miss Helen's eyes kindled with delight, for she had already peeped through the faded curtains and seen who the visitors were.

"John and Richard Clifton, Grandy. Will you tell them, papa is in his study. I think he wants to see John about something; he said so yesterday."

A very clever stroke this on Helen's part for getting rid of John, and having Richard all to herself, for she knew that when once her father had some one to listen to his learned discussions, he did not easily let them off again.

Grandy, who quite understood her dear child's tactics, bustled out of the room, and Captain Clifton soon made his appearance.

On the strength of the announcement that the "Bonny Betty" was to sail in three days, he ventured to salute his mistress in a very ardent and impassioned manner, for which, at any other time, he would have received a rebuke; but on this occasion poor Helen was in no mood to give one. She at first turned pale, when she found how near the hour of separation was at hand, and then bursting into tears, clung about his neck, and, well, we must confess it, returned his embrace with very nearly equal ardour. At any other time she would doubtless have shrunk from such a breach of maidenly reserve, but love and sorrow swept down the barrier. He was going to leave her, who loved her so well. What might not happen during his absence? or might they ever meet again?

As for poor Richard, he was in the seventh heaven of delight; his joy at Helen's tender reception of him almost stifled the pangs he felt at their approaching separation.

Helen, it is true, being a very gentle and amiable girl, had never wrung his lowest heart, by feigning a cold and impertinent indifference—a line of coldness which, strange as it may seem, some young ladies seem to think necessary to pursue towards the being with whom they are going to form the closest tie on earth. But then Helen had always been very bashful and shy, so that the Captain was the more surprised and delighted on the present occasion. However, in a few moments she recovered herself, and then she looked a little reproachfully at Richard for having startled her out of her propriety.

"And so you really intend sail in three days, Richard? Oh, how long the months will seem till you return; and what will happen while you are away? I almost tremble to think of what the future has in store for my dear father and myself."

"Ah, my darling girl, if you would only have done as I wished—if you would but have listened to my prayers, and consented to become my dear wife before I sailed, I should have known then that I left you in peace and security; whereas now, I shall be tormented with fears as to what may happen to you in my absence, and these very fears will make things appear to me worse than they are, perhaps."

"Nay, Richard, you who are so good and loving a son yourself cannot wonder that I will not leave my poor father in his hour of need."

"Not I, Helen, you know me too well to think so ill of me; but darling, you need not have left your father, I would have aided you to care for him and comfort him, and my mother and John would have helped to put things straight; you know how they love your father."

"I do know it, Richard, and I bless your mother from my soul for all her loving kindness; but you know my father is as proud as he is poor, and, had I been willing to cast him upon your charity in his old age, Ralph Cheney could not thus have become a pauper."

"Oh! my dear girl, what words are these," exclaimed Richard, in a tone of mingled love and sorrow. "Your father's affairs are not yet desperate; besides, we might have got the better of Gurnett and that rascally lawyer of his. If you had been my wife, I should have had the right to interfere, but now I am leaving you alone to fight against these wretches; and what can you do, my poor darling, how can you help your father? Believe me, you would serve him much more effectually as my wife."

"I can work for him," replied Helen, with great determination; "I will be a governess, if I cannot do anything else."

Richard shook his head very sorrowfully.

"You are very clever, darling. I know you play the harpsicord charmingly; you can read French, and do all sorts of fine work with those beautiful fingers of yours, but you are not used to teaching; you would find it hard work, and the pay scanty. And why should you want

to go and toil amongst strangers, and break an honest fellow's heart, who loves you more than himself? And why should you fall in with all your father's crochets, which I can't make head or tail of, for the life of me? Why should you fidget yourself because you have no money, what matters it which of us holds the purse, when we love each other truly? But this is it, Helen; I don't think you love me as I do you, or you couldn't give me up in this way."

"But I am not giving you up, Richard," said Helen, smiling through her tears; "nay, I am so confident in your love that I am asking you to wait for me. If I did not love you I should offer to release you from your engagement. Oh! as for waiting, I would willingly serve seven years, for you, as Jacob did for Rebecca. I often wonder, Richard, what I have done to deserve so much love," murmured Helen softly.

This rash observation drew a string of lover-like ejaculations from the young sailor, which he continued till his thoughts, flowing into another channel, he said, in a mournful tone:

"Ah! Helen, suppose I should fall in battle, or be lost at sea—what then? You would be sorry you had not made poor Dick Clifton a happy man before he braved danger and the tempest."

Now this first suggestion of the young captain was well calculated to excite apprehension on his account in the mind of his mistress, and, as a consequence of her fear, an increase of tenderness towards the beloved object: and while the latter feeling was in full force, might she not be induced to yield to that longing desire of his, and consent to be his wife before he should sail? However, it was certainly ungenerous of the captain to add to Helen's trouble by exciting in her mind causeless fears on his account; but love is very selfish.

Now, though he had spoken with great pathos of the chance of his perishing in battle, there was little likelihood of any such catastrophe; for he was sailing along with a valuable convoy amounting to nearly a hundred sail. But Helen showed so much distress that the captain, forgetting his tactics, and his wish to bring her to a surrender, was compelled to retract what he had said, and to place before her in glowing colours the pre-eminence of England on the seas, and the little chance there was that he should come to any harm; but he had some difficulty in doing away with the impression produced by his injudicious speech. Helen's fears had wanted no prompting. Tidings of the defeat and distresses of the British troops for the Continent had penetrated to the little hamlet of Eamond Bridge, and to every other nook and corner of England.

That year was a sad and disastrous one, and the records of the battles fought in its spring and summer, amidst the green plains of the Netherlands, were written in the blood of England's bravest and best soldiers. One after another the British troops saw the places they had defended so valiantly fall into the hands of the French. Totally defeated at Fleurus, by General Jourdain, misfortune seemed to track the footsteps of the allied army. Charleroi, Ypres, and other strong places fell into the hands of the enemy. Tournay had to be evacuated, Ghent and Ande-

nard were added to the French conquests; and the Duke of York began his inglorious retreat. Harassed by the enemy, suffering from hunger and thirst, many of them weak and wounded, the unfortunate soldiers pursued their weary, toilsome march, without tents or baggage, until they crossed the Meuse, at Grave.

But if England's soldiers had failed before the overwhelming force of the French army, her navy had reaped golden laurels, and the brilliant victory, won by Lord Howe over the Brest fleet, had rendered the English complete masters in the Mediterranean, which was the destination of the "Bonny Betty;" so that the captain had certainly very faint grounds for anticipating his own demise in the sanguinary manner he had hinted at. Gradually the conversation flowed into other and pleasanter channels, the captain and Helen never noticed the lapse of time; they could have talked till midnight, uttering those fond nothings, tame and insipid to others, but inexpressibly dear to the hearts of those who love.

The captain was just drawing a very lover-like picture of his solitary night-watches on the deck of his ship, with the blue waves of the Mediterranean beneath him, and above the starry sky—that sky which she, his best beloved, might be gazing upon at that very moment in kindred sympathy, when John made his appearance at the door with a smile on his face, he having caught his brother's last words.

"Pr'ythee, Dick, don't pull that long face; poor Helen is quite down-hearted enough already. But, hey-day, Helen! I didn't know what a schemer you were; though, to be sure, love is full of stratagems."

"What do you mean, John?" asked Helen, with a look of guilty consciousness.

"Nay, don't look so alarmed, my dear future sister; I'll not scold. All's fair in love, so I forgive your manœuvre to banish me to the study, and so have the coast clear for the captain. However, as it was through you that I have suffered an hour's lecture from your good father on Druid stones and so forth, 'Tis only just you should reward me by playing me a lesson on the harpsichord."

"That I will do most willingly," replied Helen, rising and walking towards the instrument.

"I am going to carry you away for an hour or two, Dick. You can spare time, can't you, Helen? I am going to run up to the mill to see poor Mary, and think she would be glad if Dick were with me."

"Indeed, I shall be rejoiced for you to see Mary," replied Helen. "I always loved her, and have felt the deepest sorrow that I never could have an opportunity to talk with her."

"You might make your preparations for going home with us while we are away, Helen," said the captain. "By the way," he added, "I "I must go and give Mr. Cheney my mother's message, and ask him to spare you for the next three days."

"It's all right," replied John, merrily. "I gave the message, and he consents. I did all the business whilst you two were loving. Don't look so reproachfully at me, my dear Helen. I am shut out of the

Paradise you and Dick are enjoying, but don't begrudge me all contemplation of it."

Helen laughed, and took her place at the harpsichord.

She was a fine player, and touched the instrument with great brilliancy, holding her arms rather stiff, so that the stroke on the keys might be only from the tips of her fingers.

After she had played two or three lessons, John proposed that as there were three of them they should sing a catch, and Helen should accompany them on the harpsichord.

"We must have a merry catch to cheer you two up," John said. "Suppose we have our old favourite, '*'Twas you, Sir*'"

"Nay, John, don't let us have that," said Helen, blushing.

"Why not?" asked John, laughing, and he immediately commenced singing, Helen humouring him by playing the accompaniment:—

"'Twas you, sir, 'twas you,"

And here John pointed at his brother:—

"I tell you nothing new, sir,
'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl,
'Twas you, sir, 'twas you;
'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,
You look so very blue, sir,
I'm sure you kissed the pretty girl,
'Tis true, sir, 'tis——"

Here John broke off suddenly, exclaiming—

"Adz-ooks! but you two do look blue, with a vengeance. There's no cheering you up. I must sing you a stave of an old ditty more suitable to your present mood. And then, with a lugubrious countenance and a doleful voice, he sang out—

"'Adieu, my lovely Susan,
From you I'm forced to go,
All for to leave your company,
Which fills my heart with woe.'"

He continued his song, amidst the laughter of Helen and his brother, and finished the last verse in a stentorian voice—

"'So, farewell, my Susan dear;
I can no longer stay;
To-morrow by the dawn of day
Our ship she sails away.'"